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From The Editor

For some reason Montana produces great writers or it inspires great writing. One has only to think of A. B. Guthrie Jr., Ivan Doig, Norman Maclean, Joseph Kinsey Howard and K. Ross Toole to name a few. But my favorite Montana author is Dorothy M. Johnson.

Dorothy tells the funniest stories of any woman I know. And I have known her since 1962 when she taught a magazine class I took at the University of Montana School of Journalism. She told so many funny stories in the class that I nearly flunked the course. I didn't learn much but I sure liked her stories.

Several of her stories have been the basis for the movies, "The Hanging Tree," "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance," and "A Man Called Horse," among others. But of all the books she's written, I like the last the best: *When You and I Were Young Whitefish.* The book is reviewed in this issue by Kathryn Wright of Billings, Montana, who knows Dorothy's work as well as anyone.

Dorothy's latest book recounts her growing up years in Whitefish, Montana. But unfortunately it stops with her reaching adulthood. She should write a full-length autobiography. She writes so well and her life has been so interesting, she'd have a big seller if she'd tell the whole story. Maybe she'll do that yet.

Along with Kathryn Wright's review, we have several other top-notch writers reviewing books in this issue including Willah Weddon, Dale L. Walker, Fern Lyon and Chuck Parsons. These people are writers themselves and know the subjects of the books they review. This is a new system of reviewing books for us. We'd like to hear from you about it.

Along with some good, in-depth reviews, we've got some surprising stories for you in this issue. One is Harry J. Owens' startling revelation that Comanche was not the only survivor of Custer's famous last stand.

While doing other research, Owens stumbled onto an old newspaper clipping which reported that at least one other horse — and perhaps dozens of horses — survived with Comanche. Apparently though, only Comanche and the other horse, Billy, were found on the battlefield.

Owens spent months researching records in the National Archives and elsewhere and presents the results of his findings in this issue.

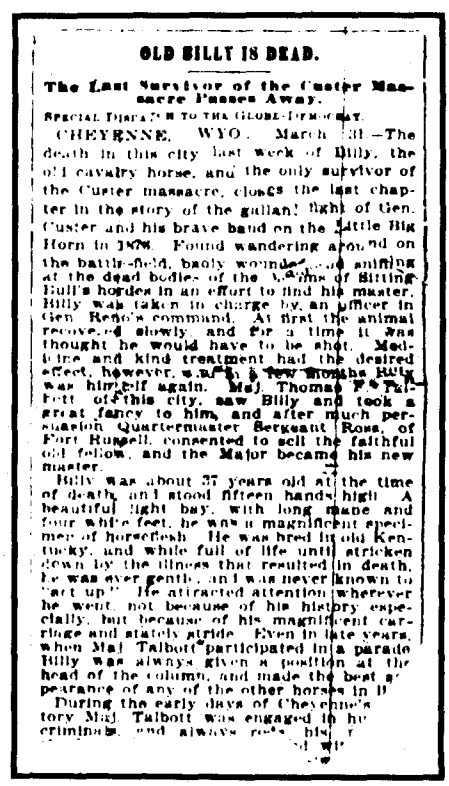
Lawrence A. Frost, a leading authority on Custer, in his book *Custer Legends* reports that one soldier, a Private Frank Finkel, who spent his last years in Dayton, Washington, may have been the only soldier to have survived the Custer massacre. But, says Frost, "There is only one survivor of the fight on Custer Hill that rises above all contention — Comanche."

We think Frost will now have to add Billy to that list.

Bobette Perrone and H. Henrietta Stockel, both of Santa Fe, New Mexico, have written a history of the town they love. We call it "Santa Fe, the Romantic Art Center of the West."

Anyone who has visited Santa Fe knows that art plays a big role in the lives of its people. Bobette and Henrietta tell us that this has always been so dating back to the Native American art of pre-history.

Butch Cassidy, the Sundance Kid and Etta Place left a huge bullion cache when they fled Argentina. James W. Burns tells about it and even describes where to find it.



OLD BILLY IS DEAD.

The Last Survivor of the Custer Massacre Passes Away.

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE GLOBE-DEMOCRAT.

CHEYENNE, WYO., March 31.—The death in this city last week of Billy, the old cavalry horse, and the only survivor of the Custer massacre, closes the last chapter in the story of the gallant fight of Gen. Custer and his brave band on the Little Big Horn in 1876. Found wandering around on the battle-field, badly wounded and sniffing at the dead bodies of the victims of Sitting Bull's hordes in an effort to find his master, Billy was taken in charge by an officer in Gen. Reno's command. At first the animal recovered slowly, and for a time it was thought he would have to be shot. Medicine and kind treatment had the desired effect, however, and in a few months Billy was himself again. Maj. Thomas F. Talbott of this city, saw Billy and took a great fancy to him, and after much persuasion Quartermaster Sergeant Ross, of Fort Russell, consented to sell the faithful old fellow, and the Major became his new master.

Billy was about 37 years old at the time of death, and stood fifteen hands high. A beautiful light bay, with long mane and four white feet, he was a magnificent specimen of horseflesh. He was bred in old Kentucky, and while full of life until stricken down by the illness that resulted in death, he was ever gentle, and was never known to "kick up." He attracted attention wherever he went, not because of his history, especially, but because of his magnificent carriage and stately stride. Even in late years, when Maj. Talbott participated in a parade Billy was always given a position at the head of the column, and made the best appearance of any of the other horses in the

During the early days of Cheyenne's history Maj. Talbott was engaged in hunting criminals, and always rode his faithful

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, April 1, 1900.

Robert E. Erickson, who teaches theater courses at Boise State University in Idaho, provides us with a sometimes bizarre tale of Madame Rentz and the Naughty Ladies of Nevada. The ending will surprise you.

Judy Alter portrays Texas' first nationally recognized artist, the loony but likeable Elisabet Ney.

Wayne Christiansen, a Utah ghost town buff, is back on these pages with his story about a Hawaiian ghost town built right in the heart of his home state.

Raymond Schuessler gives you a ride on an Old West stagecoach and takes you into the Concord, New Hampshire, factory where the best coaches were made.

Have we got a deal for you! We were sitting around here in the office gabbing about what we could offer as a premium for subscribing to TRUE WEST during our 30th anniversary year. Someone said books. Someone else offered western posters. But most of us have lots of books, and who wants posters? So we settled on one thing all westerners like: Belt buckles.

Once you've seen these brass beauties with our 30th anniversary logo on them you'll be ordering several to give to kinfolk and the neighbors. Numbered buckles like these normally sell for up to $30 each. But I'll mail you one FREE if you'll subscribe to TRUE WEST for three years — or renew your present subscription for three years.

Now if you renew for two years, the buckle is only $3 extra. For a one-year subscription, the buckle is $6. If you just want to order this surefire collector's item without a subscription, the cost is 10 bucks. To see how the buckle looks, see ad in this issue.

Three-year subscription and buckle — $26.50.

Two-year subscription and buckle — $20.95.

One-year subscription and buckle — $15.95.

Buckle alone — $10.

— Jim Dullenty

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May, 1983
Vol. 30, No. 5
Whole No. 188

TRUE WEST

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TRUE WEST 30TH ANNIVERSARY 1953-1983

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TRUE WEST (ISSN 0041-3615) is published monthly by Western Publications, 700 East State St., Iola, Wisconsin 54990. $1.50 per copy; U.S. subscription rate $9.95 per year; $17.95 for two years; other countries including Canada and Mexico, please add $5.00 per year to U.S. rate to cover the extra handling and postage required. Please provide payment in the form of a U.S. funds check drawn on a U.S., Canadian or Mexican bank; personal checks, bank money orders or cashier's checks drawn on foreign banks are not acceptable, whether payable in U.S. funds or the national currency, unless the total payment provided is sufficient to cover all bank clearing and foreign exchange charges. Second class postage paid at Iola, WI 54945 and at additional mailing offices.

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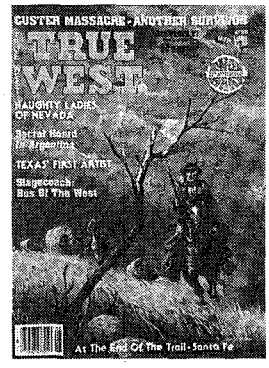

OUR COVER

This striking painting of a covered wagon train, supplied by S.I. Artists, is to call attention to the transportation articles in this issue including stagecoaches, carts and the Northwest's first interstate highway. Travel by prairie schooner now seems the Old West's most romantic means of transportation.

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Hosstail's Small Talk

Who better could write a history of TRUE WEST than its founder and publisher, Joe Austell Small, better known to everyone as Hosstail? Starting with the April issue and continuing through the rest of this spring and summer, Joe is celebrating the 30th anniversay of TRUE WEST by giving us a complete history of the magazine. This is the second installment. — Editor.

HISTORY OF TRUE WEST PART II

Joe and Elizabeth Small, taken shortly before they were married on Nov. 25, 1936. This is how they looked at the time the events in this story were taking place.

I experienced a taste of "town living" after I completed grade school at Midway, a rambling church building in the sandy woods of Burleson County, Texas — three miles from my home and eight miles from Caldwell.

The last two years of high school Papa and Mama let me board in Caldwell. I stayed at the Heslep Boarding House and roomed with Harl Smyer, the principal of Caldwell High School. Talk about walking in tall cotton! I was as country as they come when I left the Midway Community, and here I was set up in a "big town" of 2,500 people and was boarding at a place that generally took in only teachers.

It was the best thing that could have happened to me. Blanche and Zelda Heslep were kindly people. They tried to make me feel at home living with my teachers. It was like coming out of a hot shower and jumping into ice water. Even a county seat town was considerably uptown compared to what I had known.

If I seem to be delving a bit deep into the life of young Joe Small instead of sticking wholly to the TRUE WEST story, it is because the story of starting from nothing and building up rather steadily to a high point at an early date seems hard for some students of Early West history to believe. It was my background that kept me from quitting when faced with seemingly impossible odds many times.

I learned the hard way that one could substitute "things" for money — and that was a valuable lesson for me. For instance, I read where The Omnibus College, known as "America's College on Wheels," was going to tour the West in the summer of 1933 — teaching history on the very grounds on which it happened.

I got real excited over this but didn't have the cash required. I couldn't let a little thing like that stop me. I wrote them, enclosing a partial list of articles and stories along with the magazines that they appeared in and they asked me if I would like to be their press agent. They also published a kind of tabloid while rolling afield.

Now this was my kind of language — working my way through, letting something I could do take the place of money. We traveled over 10,000 miles throughout the West that summer and wound up at the 1933 World's Fair in Chicago. I began to feel a little like the man of the world that I had always wanted to be. Bring on that tiger — I'd tie a shuck to his tail!

I wanted to go with a friend to Brantley-Draughton Business College in Fort Worth but, again, I didn't have the cash. So Papa took me to Fort Worth on one of his "honey trips." He was a bee man. He sold honey to Leonard Bros., one of the biggest department stores in Texas. He had made some friends up there. They agreed to give me a certain amount of night work. Saturday was their big night. I was stock boy. Sometimes, after they closed on Saturday night and I had eaten a bite of supper and walked two miles to where I boarded, it would be well past twelve. I would be thoroughly exhausted.

When I had finished with Brantley-Draughton, I went back to Caldwell and got on as a case worker for the Texas Relief Commission for Burleson County. I had to have a car. The second-hand Ford Sports Roadster I bought for $100 looked like a million to me. I enjoyed this work. I talked with many old-timers, gaining experience by recording their stories and putting the worthy ones on the "help wagon."

This was valuable experience. Somehow, no matter what I did or where I went, something kept pulling me to Austin. So when Papa said he'd help me all he could if I could work the rest of my way through, I was ready. I sold my car for $100, the amount I paid for it. So Papa and Mama took me in the old truck to Austin in September, 1935, so I could enroll at the University of Texas. I will never forget the utterly lost feeling I had in this "big city" away from what I

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had known all my life.

Mrs. Bessie Berry had moved from Lufkin, Texas with her two daughters following the death of her husband and was running a boarding house on the U.T. campus, and I was directed by one of my co-workers in Caldwell to stay at Mrs. Berry's place by all means.

I qualified for a job with the National Youth Administration. I remember I made $20 a month for working afternoons — 25 cents an hour! My job was pairing printing cuts with the photos they made in The Daily Texas — in stacks of back issues.

I didn't stop writing entirely, even though my studies and my job were rather demanding. I kept on submitting stories to the outdoor and boating magazine until I was in the leaders of that time — *Outdoor Life, Field & Stream, Sports Afield, Motor Boating* and a whole bunch of the lesser titles.

While I was staying at the boys' boarding house in Austin and going to the University of Texas, I kept writing as I did when I was going through Caldwell High School. I showed my roommate, Eugene Arrington, a check I had received one day and he showed more than just ordinary interest. He said, "I have always been interested in writing," and it buzzed me up something considerable.

"What would you think," I said, "if I told you that I would be president and editor of my own outdoor magazine after I finish college? The title will be *Southern Sportsman* and there will be a subtitle of 'Voice of the Outdoor South.'" There would also be a line somewhere on the title page declaring "Not a moose nor musky in it."

The big nationals were using mostly northern and eastern material, which included a great deal of moose hunting and muskellunge fishing. I thought this was overdone and other important aspects of the sport went woefully unattended to. Gene got his attention caught in a hurry.

"Why wait until you get through college? Somebody else will already have your idea by then. Why don't we start it *right now?*" I caught the "we" in that sentence and knew he had hit my one weak spot. I couldn't quit talking about it.

We finally got into the financial end of the situation. The magazine was to be regional in content but national in circulation. At least $100,000 should have been available even to try this idea and the charts informed us that we needed $1,000,000 to start a magazine of national circulation. Well, I had $67 and Gene had $63. We took that combined amount of money, talked to the dean (his eyes nearly popped out of his head!) and launched our magazine. Thinking of it now, I can't believe we got as far as we did with it. I told Gene that since I came up with the idea and title I should be president and editor and he could be vice-president and circulation manager. I can see Gene now when I showed him that check. He closed his government book and it so happened that he never opened it to study again. It was *that* fast.

As can be imagined, we had hard going. In fact, I could say impossible going. And we didn't go much at that. It would take a book to describe even the highlights of our adventures in trying to get into the publishing business on nothing, so I'll skip the lengthy prose and say that after two or three suspensions Gene got wise and got a state job.

I was too stubborn-headed and I suppose just plain dumb to do likewise. I worked with that magazine as if it was my very life itself. The housemother, as I already mentioned, had two daughters, Elizabeth and Mary Sue Berry. Elizabeth offered to do some typing and she was made secretary in a hurry.

A number of articles appeared later about these struggles, and one reporter wrote, "He couldn't afford a secretary so he married one." Well, she is still with me today and, of course, is a substantial reason why I stayed in the publishing business. I'll never forget those early struggles.

Things got worse and worse (if that is possible). Elizabeth and I left the boarding house and rented a small apartment owned by Mrs. B.E. Anderson on West 29½ Street in Austin. A baby was on the way soon, so we were trying to give birth to two infants and we were far from making the magazine infant pay out when the other came

THE FAR SIDE By GARY LARSON

"Ha! The idiots spelled 'surrender' with only one 'r'!"

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along.

I remember that it got so rough that Elizabeth took a Bright & Early coffee bucket over to her mother's one day and came back with some food. I was terribly embarrassed and taken aback by this move, which didn't exactly show great confidence in my ability to provide a living for us — but I didn't keep her from going back because it really is hard to work on a *very* empty stomach. People were certain that the two of us had gone stark raving crazy in those days, and I wasn't so sure myself.

All that time we were learning some valuable lessons and actually were learning how to publish a magazine even though it did come out erratically.

Robert was born August 29, 1937, and we were in luck. I had just received a check for $35 for one of my stories. It paid for all expenses for a one-week stay at Seton Hospital for my wife and new son.

I'll never forget when Papa and Mama had to come get us in the old truck in December 1937. We couldn't pay our rent. We took our sparse possessions, such as typewriters, paper and dull-pointed pencils back home to the farm. In the past we hadn't enough to eat, but I never considered ceasing publication just because of that.

Gene Arrington had some business relations with a G.W. Manning, publisher of The Overton Press, of Overton, Texas, and mentioned Southern Sportsman. Well, Manning was interested. So Manning and I formed a partnership, and I edited the magazine from the farm. We printed a 28-page magazine (including cover) and the size was 8 x 10½ — 10 cents a copy, $1.00 a year. I not only edited the magazine — I solicited advertising and subscriptions also.

One time I made a bus trip to Corpus Christi and Port Aransas soliciting advertising. I made up the magazine on our old dining room table and kept right on plugging away. When I sold enough ads to get out an issue, it came out — and not until then! Manning was a very helpful and enthusiastic partner. We had visions of making it big, bringing Gene back in and going on to great heights.

But it was slow going. That national advertising just wouldn't come in. We were working under too great a handicap out eight miles from a farm and ranch county seat. So we moved back to Austin the latter part of August 1938. Robert was one year old. We were living at Elizabeth's mother's boarding house again, paying some board and Elizabeth helped her mother. I still don't know whether it was determination on my part or whether I was too stupid to know when I was whipped.

Finally, Elizabeth said she had better get a job. I figured I had too, but she talked against it.... "and let our magazine die?" she would say.

Well, she went to a big printing company, The Steck Company, and was interviewed by E.W. Jackson. When he asked her what experience she had, she came out with the secretary for *Southern Sportsman* thing. He mentioned something about their having been interested in publishing a magazine for some time and asked to see her husband.

Liz came back to the boarding house flushed with excitement. Big business was at last interested in *Southern Sportsman*. The magazine was still slowly dying on the vine. I talked to Manning and reluctantly he agreed to let Steck take it over, with the immediate future being so gloomy.

So I made a deal with Jackson. I had to give up most of my interest. Elizabeth and I were paid the sum total of $200 a month for our services. It was impossible to imagine our being happy over such an arrangement, but perhaps you can gain some insight into how bad conditions were when I say that we thought $200 a month was all the money in the world! The Great Depression was still solid at that time.

We rented a two-bedroom furnished apartment, with utilities paid, for $27.50 per month. Since we had no car, we were lucky to get a place to live only six blocks from our work and within walking distance of downtown. We could ride the street cars for five cents.

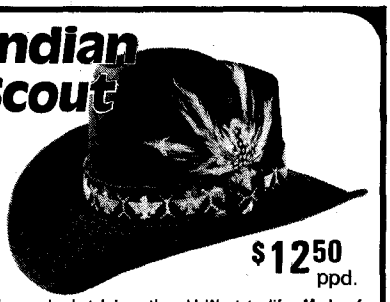
For one dollar a day we hired Lilly, a fine Swedish lady, to live with us and to take care of the household duties. She was one good cook and our entire grocery bill was one dollar a day. Our entertainment was the radio. Occasionally we walked downtown and saw a good movie, sitting in the balcony for 15 cents.

After working a few months, I made a deal with one of the Steck men to buy a lot in West Austin for $300, paying it out at $25 a month. Some months we were in a squeeze for money, so those months we didn't go to a movie. After a couple years we bought the second lot so some day we could build us a house.

I made some lifelong friends at Steck's, one W.L. Thompson, my immediate supervisor. He was and is one of the best friends I will ever have.

After a couple of years at Steck's, Elizabeth took off to give Robert a little brother, Joe Jr. Then when she was ready to go back to work, Luther Thompson went with her to aid her in landing a good job at the State Department of Public Welfare. — Hosstail

Indian Scout



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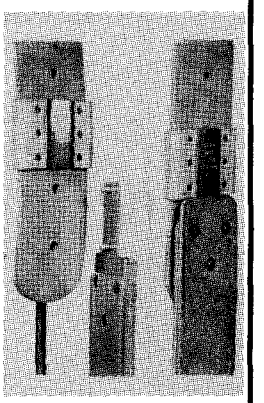

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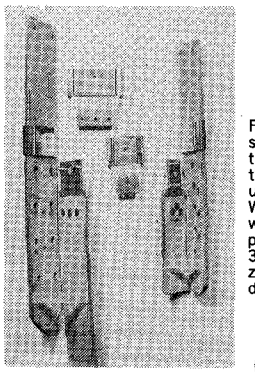

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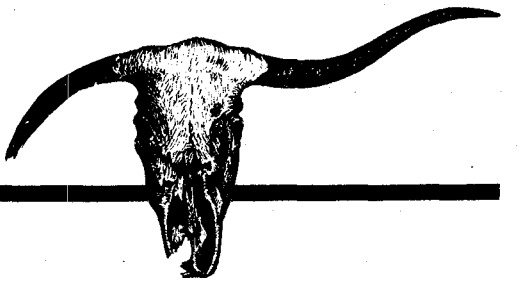

Salt Lake Woman Blames Hobo

I've got one of the funniest stories of all time for you. A woman in Salt Lake City has written and asked me to send her $500.

She says her husband ran off to become a hobo, and she blames it on me since he read my hobo tales in your magazines all the time. She says I am to blame and ought to help her with money to help raise her kids.

We ought to put her in charge of dealing with the Russians. — **Hood River Blackie.**

Shoe Story Laced With Errors

I like to read good, accurate stories of the Old West. I don't mind reading good, old, accurate stories of the Old West. I do not, however, like to read old, inaccurate stories of the Old West, such as Carl Breihan's "The Outlaw Who Became a Pair of Shoes" which appeared in your January 1983 issue.

In my research about Big Nose George I found nine speculative surnames given him. His true surname is as unknown today as it was in 1880 when the Black Hills Times, published at Deadwood, South Dakota, stated: "Big Nose George, whose other name is unknown...." If Mr. Breihan chose to believe that Lathrope is correct, and the only other source I know of that makes such a claim is Robert E. "Bud" Cowan's book *Range Rider,* he would do well to consider the source. In Big Nose George's interview with a Rawlins, Wyoming reporter he stated Parrott was his correct maiden name and that he came from Iowa. I have searched the census for the area he said he came from, and found two families of that name. It is not possible to determine if Big Nose George was the son of one or the other, however, because he was twenty-nine years old at the time of his death, and therefore would not have appeared in the 1850 census.

Mr. Breihan incorrectly states that Big Nose George was the leader of the gang at the time of the attempted train derailment and the murders of Widdowfield and Vincent. In the "Testimony in the Case of The Territory of Wyoming vs. George Parrott," M.F. Leech (sic) testified "McKinney" was the leader of the gang. That they used the same maneuver in their attempt to derail the train as Jesse James did at Adair, Iowa is not surprising, for "McKinney" was Frank James. This has been so well documented that documentation could fill several pages. You will note that the fact that McKinney was known to be Frank James was known on December 15, 1880. Please note the "Indictment for Murder" of that date. It seems to me that, had Mr. Breihan researched Big Nose George well enough to have formed an opinion about his correct surname, he would have stumbled across this information which is over one hundred years old.

Mr. Breihan also errs in the statement that Charley Bates was arrested in Montana. The Cheyenne Daily Leader, January 7, 1879, stated in part, "...The prisoner was arrested at Green River (Wyoming) some time since and was taken to Laramie City, where he had been confined to jail. When hung he was on his way from Laramie City to Rawlins for trial...."

"Big Nose" George Parrott

There, also, was nothing secretive about the route by which Big Nose George was taken from Miles City to Rawlins. He was taken from Miles City to Bismarck, to Omaha (where the only known photo of him was taken), thence to Cheyenne and on to Rawlins. The only veil of secrecy about the route taken seems to be in Mr. Breihan's inability to locate the information contained in the Cheyenne Sun, August 7, 1880 issue. In a "Special," datelined Omaha, which was headlined "Will Be Taken Thru Cheyenne To-day," it is stated, "The prisoner is being taken to Rawlins will have to pass thru Carbon...." Sheriff Rankin and his prisoner, Big Nose George, were on the train when it arrived in Carbon. In light of all of the publicity about the sheriff and his prisoner during the entire trip, and the fact that they were both on the train at Carbon renders the secret route statement ludicrous.

Why would Big Nose George, in the contrived musing, mention they had plenty of time before the posse from Rawlins got there? The first posse they would conceivably encounter would be the posse from Carbon which is mentioned in the preceeding paragraph. Rawlins is far (by horseback) from Carbon, and the gang was riding south, away from Carbon. This direction put more miles between the gang and Carbon, but the distance from Rawlins would not change.

The one redeeming feature I can see in running an old, incorrect article is that it gave someone a chance to correct Mr. Breihan's history and geography. — **Doug Engebretson, 813½ Day, Belle Fourche, SD 57717.**

What's Cooking

You've tried everything else in your

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magazines and they are still fine nostalgic reading. However, I have an idea which might possibly give your subscription ranks a boost.

Why don't you run a section of old-time recipes? I don't mean the vulgar ones (although some of them were very collectable), but just good old, everyday chuckwagon cooking. Sheepherders were also very good cooks.

I think this is a novel idea and the ladies would really go for it. There are many collectors of old recipes nowadays.

You wouldn't have to pay for the recipes. Just invite your public to submit any old-time favorite recipes and you will print all you can — at your own discretion. **— Marty Kelly, 1714 4th Avenue North, Great Falls, MT 59401.**

EDITOR'S NOTE: We like Marty Kelly's idea. In fact, since December TRUE WEST we have been running Old West food stories and recipes in most issues.

Reader Reminisces

A few weeks back, my wife and I were driving along a river in Montana when we encountered a marker mounted on a rock alongside the road. The message on the marker stated that this was the burial place of "three pioneer boys" who died of disease there in 1913.

This was the year in which my father and I filed on 320 acres on the west side of the Belknap Reservation about five miles south of Peoples Creek, 35 miles from town, and 5 miles from our nearest neighbors.

On our way from Chinook where my father and I had gone for lumber and supplies, our driver told me that "this was the place where General Miles defeated the Indians." That was all he could tell me. The battlefield was not marked in any way; the location was noted in local history only. I believe that it is now marked.

The Coburns were still operating the "Circle C" on the other side of the reservation with Senator Phillips and his big spread still farther to the east, I believe. Phillips also owned the Ruby Gulch gold mine and may have had the Little Joe too.

The exploits of Kid Curry and his gang were still topics of conversation among the locals and I occasionally heard mention of a "Black Mike" — the name only, no details.

Malta had its outlaw, "Long George" Francis. You must have heard of him. I have never read anything about him except a clipping from a paper many years ago reporting his suicide. I saw him once in Havre after he surrendered himself and was on parole. In a day when a six-footer was especially tall, he was a 6-foot, 8½-inch tall horsethief.

I ran away from home in 1917 but went back there and worked sheep, cattle and horse ranches and on the Great Northern Railroad for the next four years. I rode for a horse outfit up close to the Canadian border and was told many years later that I was a horse thief! **— C.L. Baumbauer, R.R. 1, Box 1L, Geneva, IN 46740.**

Trick Shooting No Trick

It may be interesting to your readers to research and write an article on a particular exhibition shooter or famous old western exhibition shooters in general.

Trick shooting (so-called) is not trick shooting at all, but truly skilled marksmanship requiring some natural ability and many hours of concentrated practice along with thousands of rounds of ammunition.

Contrary to some beliefs, both eyes are kept open when firing, and the sights are used and seen clearly in conjunction with the target, moving or stationary. The exception is hip shooting where a spotting shot is used and subsequent shots are adjusted with body movement.

The exhibition shooter was and is a man or woman who has a burning desire to excel in a really difficult sport.

I think they are really in a class apart from the gunfighter and if they were so inclined, could have filled the average gunfighter full of lead before his gun was out of the holster. **— Darrell G. Miller, 309 Tree Lane, Prophetstown, IL 61277.**

Indian Tale Raises Questions

I have been reading the old FRONTIER TIMES of September, 1967, and I came across a petrified Indian story by Hank Givens.

Since Mr. Givens is familiar with this country, I have wondered for years if he would have any stories about the Dotsons of the Pueblo area. Or would he be interested in some stories that I have or would like to get more information about two old men, Pete and Al, cousins who owned much of that land at one time. They were ranchers to stage drivers to miners and such. At one time Al was a sheriff.

There should be some interesting stories in those two men's lives. I am a granddaughter with my mom still living, and I want to see some stories written before all is gone. Mom is seventy-nine. **— Winifred Gull, 764 Fruit Park, Montrose, CO 81401.**

Homesteaders Travel to Canada

I have read TRUE WEST for years.

In the early 1900s, my father and two brothers made plans to go to Canada and homestead. In 1905 the youngest brother, Specer Coffey, went to Alberta, Canada, and looked at a lot of the open land and filed on some for himself and his brothers.

In April, 1906, the three Coffey brothers with their families, milk cows, horses and wagons and other things they thought they would need, loaded on a train at Bergman, Arkansas, and went to Stettler, Alberta, Canada.

Also moving there was a young doctor, Otis York, and wife and children. They went out a hundred miles from the railroad and town.

My father and the older boys raised cattle and horses.

The doctor and my father made a deal. The doctor would care for our family and father would help the doctor and his family. It worked out well for both. This went on for one year. **— Carl Coffey, Jasper, AR 72641.**

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by TRUE WEST will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address and zip code. Photos welcome. Address all letters to TRUE WEST, Iola, Wisconsin 54990.

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The Answer Man

Who shot whom with what? That is the endless controversy in Old West history.

Hank Clark, president of Gunfighters of the Old West, Box 884, Fremont, CA 94536, sent an impressive list of questions dealing with weapons used by various gunfighters. Hank and his group do reenactments of gunfights and naturally want everything to be as accurate as possible.

Several questions dealt with the guns used in the so-called shootout at OK Corral. Other questions centered on what kind of pistol the Manning Brothers used to kill Dallas Stoudenmire; what was the favorite handgun of gamblers; what weapons were carried by Charley Bowdre and Tom O'Folliard, and what type of weapon did Billy the Kid take from Sheriff Brady after the ambush in Lincoln, New Mexico.

At the OK Corral, only two weapons can be identified for sure, pistols used by Frank McLaury and Billy Clanton. Both used identical Colt Frontier 1873 Single Action revolvers. Frank had serial number 46338 and Billy, 52196. Both were 44-40 caliber. These serial numbers were recorded in Document No. 94 by Coroner H.M. Matthews so we have a legal document identifying the two weapons.

Doc Holliday carried and used a shotgun, but not because this was his favorite weapon, as some would like us to believe. On the way to the confrontation, Virgil Earp gave Doc his shotgun to carry and conceal. In exchange, Virgil took Doc's cane. So when the shooting started Doc had someone else's weapon, which was probably a 12-gauge, judging from the small number of buckshot wounds on Tom McLaury's body.

The Earps, Billy the Kid, Wild Bill Hickok and Butch Cassidy are probably the most controversial figures of the Old West. Almost every aspect of their careers has been debated. Of the OK Corral weapons, this quote from Al Turner's book, *The OK Corral Inquest*, sums it up: "Of all the weapons used in the so-called 'O.K. Corral' gunfight, the revolvers of Billy Clanton and Frank McLaury are the only ones that can be positively identified.... All other weapons regardless of extensive and impressive affidavits are suspect."

Dallas Stoudenmire went down in a blaze of gunfire from the Manning brothers. The fatal shot came from a sawed-off triggerless 45 held by Jim Manning.

Undoubtedly the gamblers' favorite weapon was the Derringer as it would be so easily concealed.

As for Billy the Kid's weapons, Sheriff Pat Garrett supposedly took a Colt 44-40 Single Action serial number 0361 from Billy when he was captured at Stinking Spring. After Billy's death, Garrett claimed a 44-40 M-1873 Winchester as belonging to the outlaw. Also the gun used by Billy to kill Bob Olinger was a Whitneyville double 10-gauge, serial number 903.

Guns seem to predominate questions lately. We received this one from John Black, 7-1 Brookwell Dr., Downsview, Ontario M3M 2X7. He asks about a 45-caliber Colt Single Action Army revolver serial number 136723. One of the pair was shipped to a P. Bergerson, Cheyenne, Wyoming, on January 15, 1891. Black owns this and would like to find its mate. Black also would like to know something of P. Bergerson.

The Cheyenne City Directories list him as early as 1884-85 as a gunsmith with a shop at 295 Eddy. Ten years later his shop is located at 18th and Van Lennen. In the 1911-12 Directory he is classified as a "Lock and gunsmith General Machine Repairing" who could promise "First Class Work at Reasonable Rates." His shop is now at 1812 Eddy.

And we learn about his family in this directory: Wife Mary A. Peter, Jr., listed as a student. Three other Bergersens are at the same address, probably children: W. Irvin, a clerk; Dorothy, a clerk; and Eleanor, a stenographer. Their residence is 2004 Eddy.

And in the 1931-32 Directory we learn this: Peter Bergersen, gunsmith, died September 20, 1930, 79 years old.

This is the Colt .45 Single Action Army revolver, serial no. 136723 that is missing its mate.

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Relative researches Laura Bullion. Laura Bullion is a name familiar to all Butch Cassidy and Sundance Kid enthusiasts. Little is known about her. Garland F. Bullion, 248 Hickory Dr., Huntsville, TX 77340, is researching a family biography and wants to know as much as possible about Laura, his grandfather's first cousin.

Laura, also known as Della Rose, was a member of the Wild Bunch for a very brief time. She was also apparently common law wife of the Tall Texan, Ben Kilpatrick. Very little is known of her early life.

From published sources, it appears Laura was born in 1874 near Knickerbocker, Texas, but it was not until the turn of the century we know anything about her. Just when she joined the Wild Bunch is uncertain, but it is often asserted that she took part in at least one robbery, that of the Great Northern Railroad train near Wagner, Montana, on June 3, 1901. With her was Ben Kilpatrick, "Deaf Charley" Hanks, Kid Curry (Harvey Logan), and probably Butch Cassidy.

Laura's presence is more certain after December 1901, when she and Ben were arrested in St. Louis. She received a 5-year sentence; her consort, 15 years. She promised to wait for him and she did. After his release, he was arrested on a murder charge, and she waited again. After his trial and acquittal, she still waited, but in vain. On March 13, 1912, her lover, Ben Kilpatrick, and Howard Benson were killed in another train holdup attempt.

What then happened to Laura? She drops from sight. Perhaps some of our readers have the answer.

Write to the manufacturer. I received a drawing of a pistol from Thunder Hunter, 1600 Shawnee, Leavenworth, KS 66048. He asked the year of his Harrington & Richardson 410-12mm Handy. He said the number under the barrel looks like 6467.

The best way to determine specifics about weapons is to write the manufacturer. I wrote H & R and got considerable information about the company. The firm began in 1874 and has continued to expand to this day. The H & R 171 Deluxe and 174 are popular today with Indian wars hobbyists and North-South skirmish organizations.

— Chuck Parsons

Courtesy Pinkerton's, Inc.

Laura Bullion

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, TRUE WEST, Iola, WI 54990. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names and addresses will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to publish all questions.

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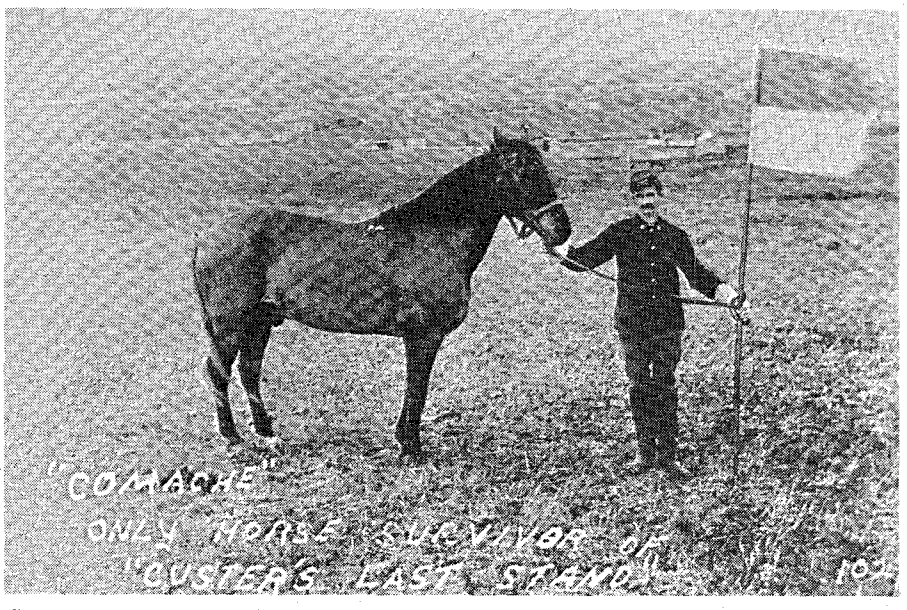

Comanche, until now thought to be the only survivor of the Custer battle.

ANOTHER SURVIVOR OF

Comanche was NOT the Sole Survivor

By HARRY J. OWENS

COMANCHE, Captain Myles Keogh's claybank gelding, has long been considered the only survivor of the Custer massacre for the U.S. Army. As such his remains are enshrined at the University of Kansas.

That Comanche alone survived among Custer's men and horses is also the official view of the U.S. government as presented in literature to visitors to the Custer Battlefield on the Little Bighorn River in Montana. This is the view of countless writers and historians since the famous battle of 1876.

But Comanche was not the only survivor. In all, about 70 dead cavalry horses were found, leaving more than 140 unaccounted for, most of those captured by the Indians. While many were recaptured later by the army in battles with the Indians, they were not actually found on the battlefield, as Comanche was.

But Comanche was not the only horse found on the battlefield. Ernest L. Reedstrom, in his book, *Bugles, Banners and War Bonnets*, said several wounded 7th Cavalry horses were found but only Comanche was saved. But if he was saved, why not others?

There was at least one other survivor of the Custer battle. He was another horse and his name was Billy. When Billy died in March of 1900, the St. Louis Globe-Democrat reported that he was the **only** survivor of the Custer massacre.

Billy deserves his place in history as much as Comanche.

Why has Billy been overlooked by historians? How was it, despite the publicity surrounding his death, that Billy was forgotten? The truth is that Billy, and possibly other horses, join Comanche as survivors of the terrible slaughter that afternoon of June 25, 1876, when all of the men under Custer's immediate command died.

Comanche and Billy lived long after the battle, but that is getting ahead of the story. To understand how they came to be in this battle, we must go back to the career of Lieutenant Colonel-Brevet Major General George Armstrong Custer.

CUSTER first commanded the 7th Cavalry on Feb. 26, 1867, to March 4, 1867. Other dates of his command were March 26, 1867, to July 28, 1867; Oct. 7, 1868 to June 7, 1869; Sept. 20, 1869 to Oct. 25, 1869; Nov. 16, 1874 to Sept. 24, 1875; March 12, 1876 to March 20, 1876 and May 11, 1876 to June 25, 1876.

On Nov. 27, 1868, the Seventh participated in the "Battle of the Washita." This battle, against the Cheyenne Indians aided by Kiowa and Arapaho, was called by some historians a massacre. More than 103 Cheyenne warriors, including their chief, Black Kettle, were slain together with a number of women and children.

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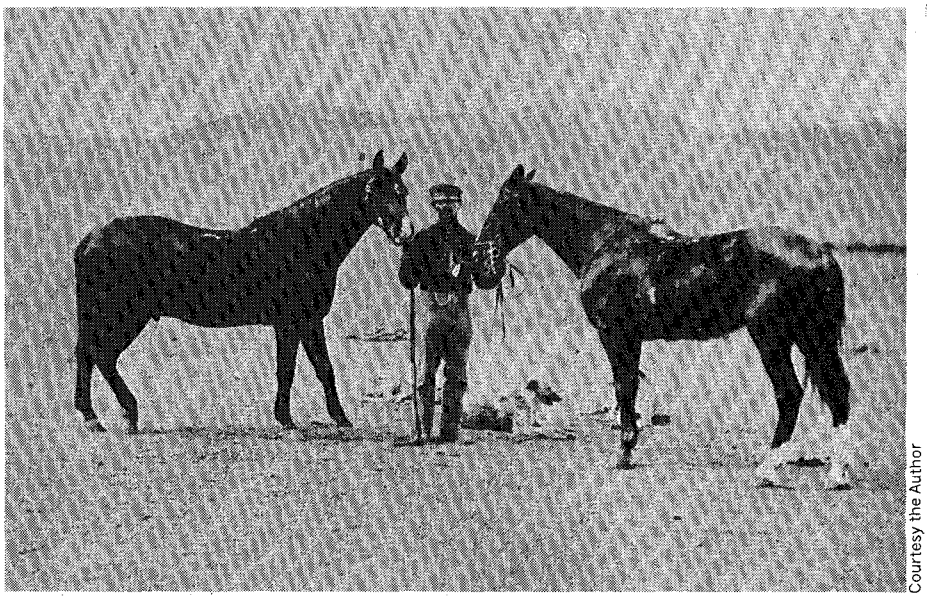

Courtesy the Author

Custer's horses, Vic, left, and Dandy, held by Pvt. John Burkman. Dandy later was given to Custer's father.

THE CUSTER BATTLE

At the Battle of the Little Bighorn

Frequently, if the cavalry captured a large number of Indian ponies, the ponies would be slaughtered, as there was no way to handle a large herd and accomplish the mission of the cavalry. This was done also to prevent the ponies falling back into Indian hands.

A large horse herd captured at the Battle of Washita was slaughtered in this fashion. Some of the best ponies, however, were saved.

Soon after Custer took command of the Seventh for the last time, the Yellowstone Expedition left Fort Abraham Lincoln in pursuit of the hostiles. The expeditionary forces were under the overall command of Brigadier General Alfred H. Terry. It was a picturesque sight that May 17, 1876, as the regiment marched around the parade ground, led by the band playing "Garry Owen," the regimental air. The wagon train assembled on the plateau west of the post and then the regiment marched away, the band playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

The total strength of the expedition was 28 officers and about 700 men of the 7th Cavalry, plus attached units of U.S. Infantry, 8 officers and 135 men; one platoon of Gatling guns, 2 officers and 32 men; 40 Indian scouts and a number of guides, packers and civilians. One wagon was assigned each troop and the total number of wagons for the expedition numbered about 150.

Custer had two of his favorite mounts, Vic and Dandy. Captain Keogh rode Comanche, and another horse of particular interest was named Billy.

Dandy was Custer's favorite horse. Obtained by Custer in 1868, Dandy was in most of his Indian campaigns and buffalo hunts. At Little Bighorn, Custer chose to ride Vic, Dandy being one of the horses which was led.

The standard cavalry method, during battle, was to tie the horses together, bit by bit, in groups of four. One horse holder was assigned to each group of four horses, so Custer's detachment would have had a few more than 50 horse holders.

During the Custer battle, the men of the Gray troop, fighting on the right side of the line, intentionally killed their horses so they could be used as breastworks. The Indians didn't purposely shoot any horses, since horse capture held an important place in their concept of warfare.

The soldiers fought on foot and the Indians tried to kill the horse holders. Waving blankets and uttering blood curdling yells, they scared the horses down the coulees and to the river. This stampede took place probably about an hour and a half after the beginning of the fighting.

The horses were so thirsty when they reached the river they stood and drank, the Cheyenne women easily catching them by grabbing their bridles. All of the horses were loaded with blankets and soldier accoutrements, including

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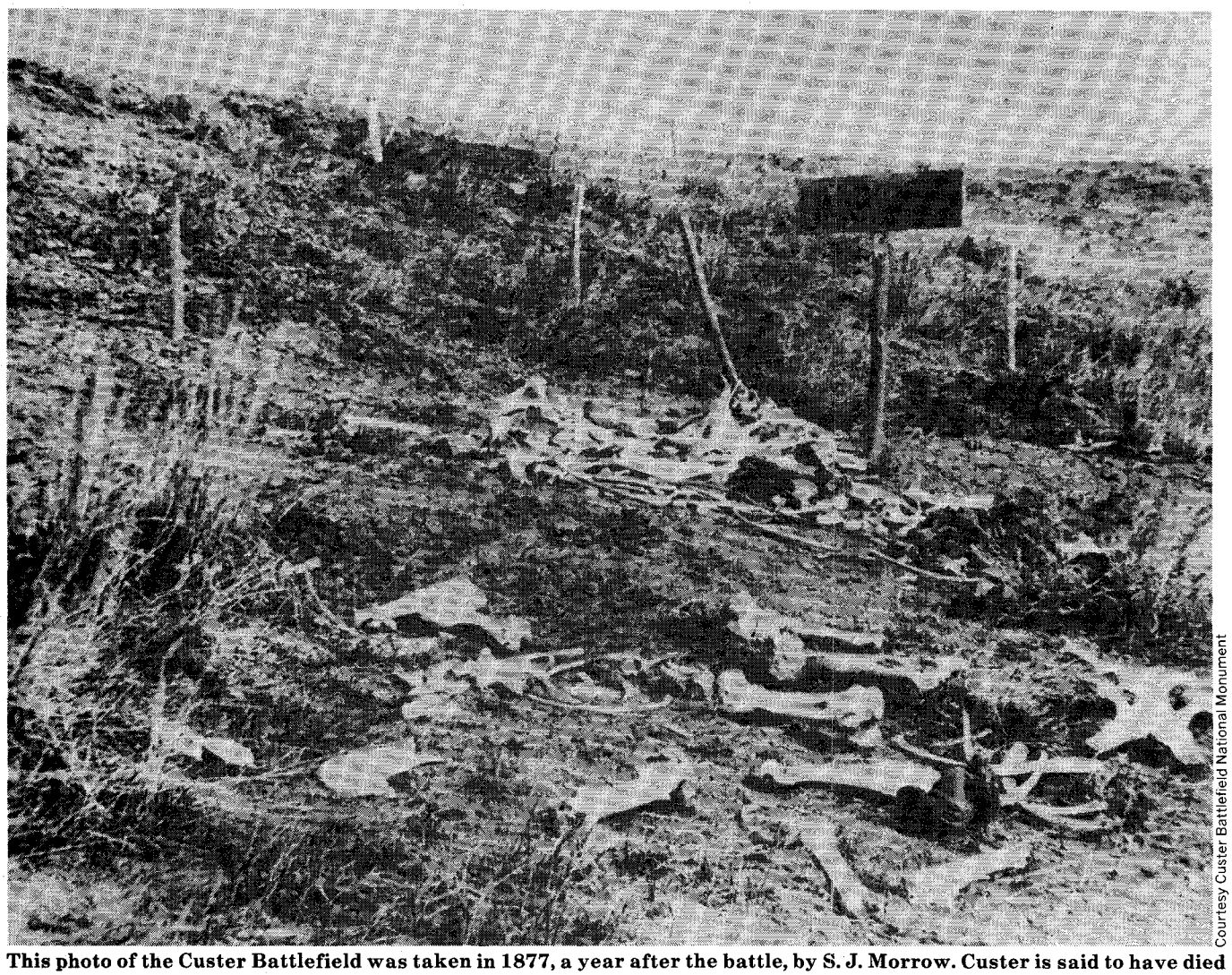

Courtesy Custer Battlefield National Monument

This photo of the Custer Battlefield was taken in 1877, a year after the battle, by S. J. Morrow. Custer is said to have died near this spot.

much ammunition in the saddle pockets. Then, on the hills overlooking the river, all was silence.

A SIGHT of unbelievable carnage greeted the eyes of the first relief party to reach the scene. Dead troopers and horses littered the area. In all, about 70 dead cavalry horses were found, leaving more than 140 unaccounted for, most of these captured by the Indians. Vic, Custer's mount during the battle, survived, captured, it is said, by a Sioux warrior; what happened to him after that is not certain.

In May 1877, Colonel Nelson Miles led what was later called "The Lame Deer Expedition." On the morning of May 7, on the Rosebud, near the mouth of Muddy Creek, Miles surprised and routed one of the last hostile bands.

In this battle, 14 Indians were killed, including Chief Lame Deer. Among the captured horses were many of the 7th Cavalry horses, which had been taken by the Cheyenne at the Battle of the Little Bighorn. Those having the brand "7th U.S." were quickly secured by the infantry soldiers, not regarded as the most expert horsemen.

Dandy, as has been noted, was left with the pack train so he missed the Custer battle and came through unscathed. After Mrs. Custer returned to Monroe, Michigan, from Fort Abraham Lincoln to make her home, all of the surviving officers of the Seventh contributed to the cost and Dandy was shipped to her.

She gave him to Custer's father, Emanuel H. Custer. No doubt having Dandy near him was of some solace in his great loss. When Dandy died, his remains were buried on the Custer farm near Monroe, although the exact spot is not known.

The story of Comanche is well noted. He was the mount of Captain Myles Keogh, who was among the slain. Found wandering and badly wounded on the battlefield, Comanche was taken to Fort Abraham Lincoln. Kind treatment and medication led to his recovery and he was placed on the retired list by regimental order.

He enjoyed a good life until his death from colic at Fort Riley, Kansas, on Nov. 6, 1891, about 29 years old. His body was preserved and is displayed in the Dyche Museum at the University of Kansas.

ALSO found wandering on the battlefield in a wounded condition was Billy. He was taken in charge by an officer in Reno's command. The horse was shipped to Fort D.A. Russell, Wyoming Territory. There Billy made his recovery. Fort Russell, near present-day Cheyenne, had been established at the request of the Union Pacific Railroad to protect its construction crews from marauding Indians.

Thomas F. Talbot, a city and county peace officer in the early days of Cheyenne, was visiting at Fort Russell, not too long after the Battle of the Little Big Horn. He saw a magnificent horse, a beautiful light bay, with a long mane and four white feet. This was Billy. Chatting with Quartermaster Sergeant

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Captain Myles Keogh

Ross, Talbot learned that Billy was Kentucky bred and a survivor of the Little Big Horn. Talbot determined he must own this superb animal.

It took several trips to the fort and much persuasion, but Talbot was finally able to purchase Billy from Quartermaster Sergeant Ross. During those early days of Cheyenne, Thomas Talbot was engaged in hunting criminals who would often take refuge in remote "outlaws country."

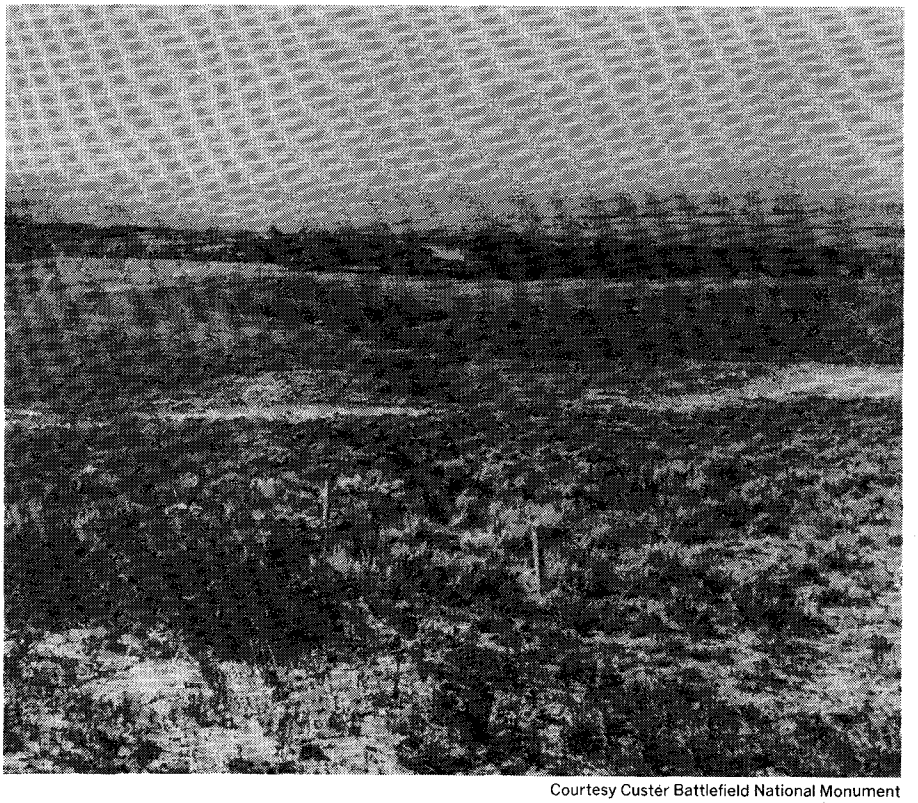
After acquiring Billy, Talbot always rode him chasing bandits. On several occasions, when camped out, Talbot would use his saddle for a pillow and cover himself with the saddle blanket. Faithful Billy would be on a rope fastened to the saddle horn, enabling him to graze and keep watch. If he scented approaching danger, Billy would awaken his master by tugging gently at the saddle with his teeth.

BILLY was very fleet and had great endurance. It was this fleetness and endurance that helped pull Lawman Talbot out of more than one hairy situation.

One time thieves had stolen a team from Cheyenne Mayor Bresnahen and had several hours head start. Talbot, riding Billy, made an 80-mile trip from Pole Creek to Lane's Ranch, at the head of Horse Creek, in nine hours. The horse thieves were apprehended just as they were preparing to enter the mountains where catching them would have been almost impossible.

Talbot's and Billy's last chase after criminals was when a man named John Baird, who had stolen a horse and saddle in Denver, was heading for the Black

Courtesy Wyoming State Archives



Courtesy Custer Battlefield National Monument

Fort D. A. Russell, in top photo, near Cheyenne, Wyoming, where Billy was taken following the Custer Battle to recover from his wounds. This is officers row at the fort. Bottom photo is an early view of the Custer Battlefield — taken before 1890 — and looks across the battlefield to the Little Bighorn River at the trees in the distance.

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Hills. Baird's journey was interrupted when he was overtaken at Nine-Mile Ranch, north of Cheyenne.

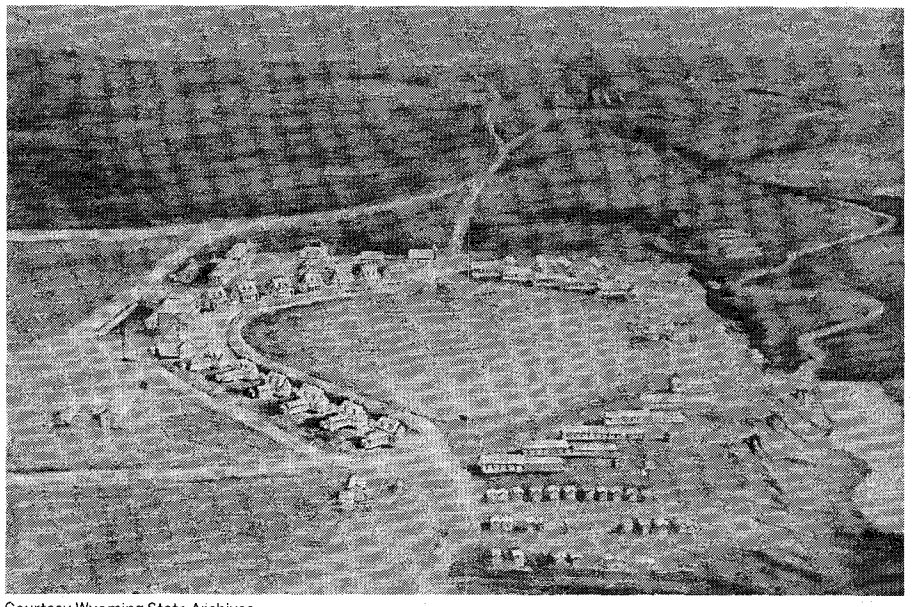
Billy was a gentle horse, never known to act up. He always attracted attention wherever he went, not particularly because of his history as a Custer Battle survivor, which seemed well-known in Cheyenne, but because of his magnificent carriage and stately stride.

Even in his later years, when Talbot participated in a parade, Billy was always given a spot at the head of the column and made the best appearance of all the horses.

Talbot loved trees, shrubbery and flowers. His garden, at his residence in northwest Cheyenne, contained almost every variety of flower which would grow in the area; it was a true beauty spot of the city. In the late winter of 1900, at about 37 years of age, Billy rejoined the Seventh.

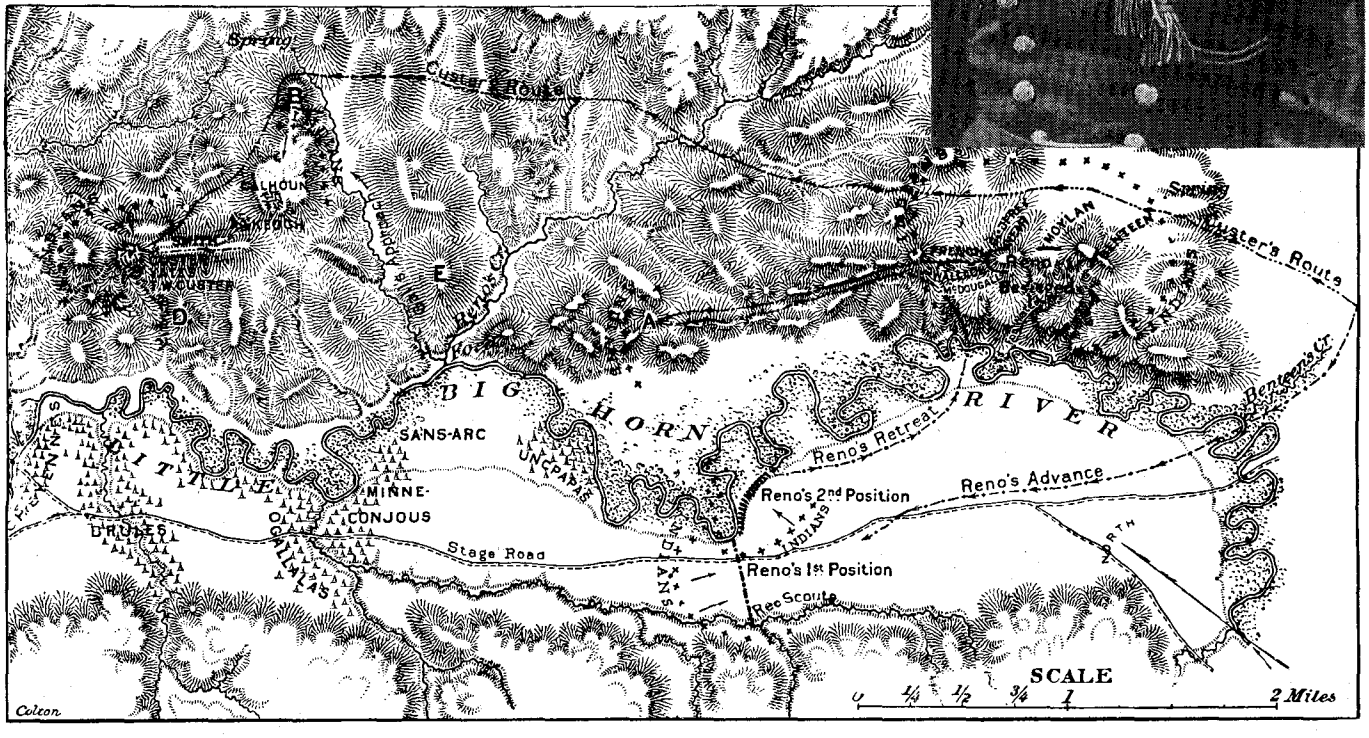
Billy was buried in a secluded spot in Talbot's garden. A stone, suitably inscribed, marked the last resting place of this horse who had earned his spot in history.

But why has he been overlooked these many years? Perhaps it is because tales of a lone survivor seem to arouse more interest than when there are two. Possibly Billy's master, Thomas Talbot, could tell us, but he himself died in 1921. Now one can only conjecture and add another chapter to the mystery surrounding the Custer battle.



Courtesy Wyoming State Archives

Fort D. A. Russell, near present-day Cheyenne, Wyoming, is shown in photo above. Billy was taken here to recover. George Armstrong Custer is shown at left. Below is a map of the Little Bighorn Battlefield. Custer's last stand occurred at center right. A horse named Billy, along with Comanche, was found wandering on the field after the battle. Perhaps other horses survived as well, according to author Harry J. Owens.



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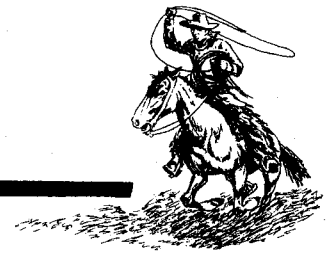
Western Roundup



The Ghost of Shakespeare in New Mexico

Shakespeare, New Mexico is an authentic and completely uncommercialized ghost town located two-and-a-half miles southwest of the present town of Lordsburg in southwestern New Mexico.

At least two buildings on this National Historic Site were built before the Civil War and one or two more during the war. When new stage lines reopened the old Butterfield route, miners came back into the area and silver ore was discovered.

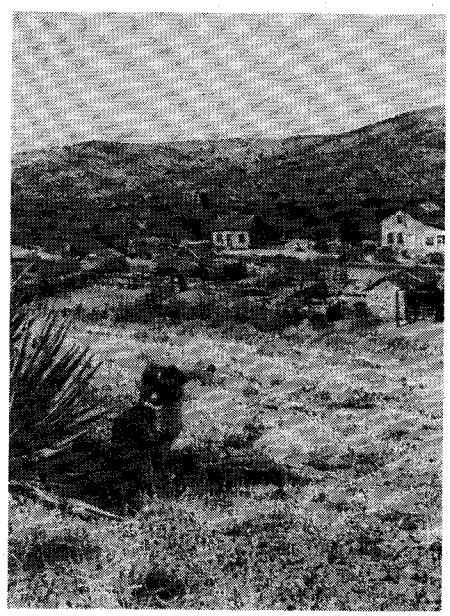
William Ralston and his group were interested in the new mines. During the resulting silver and diamond mining boom the population climbed to 3,000 people and the town was officially named Ralston.

The silver ore played out and the diamonds had only been planted. The population dwindled rapidly. In 1879 a mining engineer named William George Boyle got hold of the mining claims and changed the town's name to Shakespeare.

When the Southern Pacific Railroad was built in 1880, it stayed down in the valley. Businesses moved to the railroad and Shakespeare slowly shrank.

The present owners bought the town in 1935. They have tried to preserve the six remaining adobe and mud and rock buildings which were in the center of town.

On the second Sunday of each month visitors are welcome at 10 a.m. and at 2 p.m. They may walk along the main street and go into the buildings.



Shakespeare, New Mexico.

Oldest Museum in Texas. The history, tradition, and the lore of a thousand centuries pass in review as the visitor passes through the Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum, the oldest and largest museum in the state of Texas.

Life of the earliest sedentary Indians down through the nomadic tribes is revealed in the anthropological record of the region. The weapons, utensils, clothing, and crafts depicting the life of the Comanche and the Kiowa are known traditionally for their completeness.

Artifacts of the cattle industry from the open-range days includes saddles, spurs, lariats, branding irons, bridles, quirts, and chaps.

Pioneer Village, with its full-size, indoor restoration of streets, stores, and shops of a typical small Western town, and rooms representative of the pioneer home, recreates the life of the pioneer.

Guns of the Old West and today tell their own graphic story in a display of nearly 1,000 weapons of the world.

The museum collection of representational art from the region and of the world includes 1,300 paintings, valued in excess of three million dollars.

It is open 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. weekdays and from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. Sundays.

Treasure Chest of Nostalgia. Yellowstone County Museum in Billings, Montana, is a rare treasure chest of old-time articles donated by loyal and enthusiastic people across the country.

The museum's front door opens to a typical living room of the 1890s, a social center for many years after the cabin was built in 1893 by Paul McCormick, Sr. The lower area of the Museum has an authentic roundup wagon used by the 7-7 Ranch on Crow Indian Reservation from 1893 to 1946.

Indian artifacts, dioramas, Calamity Jane memorabilia, and many other Western articles and scenes are available for visitor sight-seeing.

Owned by Yellowstone County, the museum is operated by two curators and governed by three trustees. It was founded in 1953 and officially dedicated in 1956.

Visitors are welcome and admission is free. It is open Tuesday through Saturday, 10:30 a.m. to noon and 1 to 5 p.m.; Sunday, 2 to 5 p.m.

World's Oldest Rodeo. Round up family and friends for the world's oldest continuous rodeo — the 99th Annual PCRA Rodeo.

Located at the Payson rodeo grounds in Payson, Arizona, this event will be held August 26 through 28, 1983. The 99th Annual Rodeo Parade on August 27 at 9:30 a.m., Highway 87 to Highway 260, will accent the rodeo festivities.

Friday the 26th the rodeo will be open at 7:30 p.m.; Saturday, at 1 p.m. and again at 8; and Sunday at 1 p.m. The admission fee is $5 for adults, $4 for senior citizens and $3 for children.

Stars Attend Film Festival. Clayton Moore, Richard Webb, Fred Scott and Henry Brandon.

Those are just four celebrities who

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will be attending the Memphis Film Festival in Memphis, Tennessee on August 2 through 5, 1983.

A galaxy of guest stars, a massive film program, musical entertainment by the stars and an awards banquet will highlight the event which will be held at the Holiday Inn Rivermont. Several of the performers who entertained at last year's awards banquet and show are expected to return this year.

Registration is $40 for 4 days for each individual; $50 for a couple. For more information write Memphis Film Festival, 100 N. Main Bldg., Suite 3008, Memphis, TN 38103.

Custer Conference. Little Big Horn Associates, the group dedicated to promoting interest in the Custer battle, will meet at the Northern Hotel in Billings, Montana, on June 20 through 23.

Events include a conducted walk or reride along Davis Creek and Reno Creek to the Custer Battlefield, near Hardin, Montana; a possible overnight camp at the Reno-Benteen Battlefield; services on the battlefield and more.

Registration fees of $115 and $90 for the spouse cover souvenirs, five meals, transportation to the Custer Battlefield and coffee breaks.

For information or to send registration fee write Debbie Mangum, Box 39, Crow Agency, MT 59022.

Old and New Merge. Cambria, California, six miles south of Hearst Castle, represents the peaceful co-existence of the old and the new.

On one hand, it is reminiscent of an old-fashioned mining town nestled in the rolling hills, while on the other hand, it becomes a central coast village resort where numerous gift shops, fine restaurants, antique shops, grocery stores, athletic facilities, a library and a medical center are available to the needs of its 3,800 permanent residents and to the many year-round visitors.

Buses daily shuttle passengers south to San Luis Obispo's airport and Amtrack station, Morro Bay, and north up scenic Highway 1 to Big Sur and Monterey.

Meaning "Welsh" in Welsh, 107-year-old Cambria continues its gentle expansion. Vacationers and visitors can also find their own peace and joy in beautiful Hearst Castle country.

Camaraderie is the Key. It is a time for Western writers to get together and exchange experiences, to see other writers they haven't seen in a while, and to update themselves on the state of Western writing in the United States.

This easy-going method of conducting business is perhaps the secret behind the success of the Western Writers of America. Its 30th Annual Convention will be held in Amarillo, Texas this year.

Located at the Hilton Inn in Amarillo, the convention will run June 27 through the 30th. Included in the events held there will be a business breakfast, an open session for all members to vote on future convention sites, panels, films, presentations on Western fiction and non-fiction, an autograph party sponsored by an area bookstore, a day of sightseeing, and continuous camaraderie among various Western writers throughout the country.

For more information, contact Jim Jennings, 207 Mescalero Trail, Route 5, Amarillo, Texas 79118.

More Wild Longhorns than Texans. The history of people who built America's ranching industry western-style is depicted life-size at the 14-acre Ranching Heritage Center of the Museum of Texas Tech University.

The center houses about 30 historic structures — homes, work buildings, corrals, and windmills — to recreate almost a century of pioneer life. Each structure has been transferred from a working ranch, authentically restored and furnished.

The center shows the development of ranching in a progression of log cabins and dugouts, a stone "fortress" home and even a house built of stalks from the cactus-like sotol plant. The outbuildings include the barn, granary, the ranch office building and a one-room schoolhouse.

The center is open free from 9 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. weekdays, and 1 to 4:30 p.m. Sundays.

Cowboy Legacy Preserved. An educational and entertaining museum, the Prorodeo Hall of Champions and the Museum of the American Cowboy was founded to preserve the legacy of the cowboy contests, their heritage and the champions.

The Hall contains more than 50 exhibits. Founders Hall recognizes individuals, firms and foundations which contributed to building and research for the Hall of Champions. Saddles, chaps, ropes, boots, clothing and western artifacts are displayed in the Heritage Hall. The Hall of Champions is the main hall in which five to seven cowboys in each rodeo event are honored.

In addition to the halls, there is an Outdoor Garden Exhibit which houses four live rodeo animals in paddock and stalls, and many works of art grace the hallways and waiting areas.

The museum is open Memorial Day to Labor Day, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. All other times hours are 9 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday, and noon to 4:30 p.m. on Sunday. The museum is closed on Mondays. Admission is $2.50 for adults, $1 for children 5 through 12, and children under 5 get in free.

Cheyenne Rendezvous. The Hitching Post Inn in Cheyenne, Wyoming will be the site of the 1983 rendezvous of the National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History. The event will begin on Wednesday, August 3, and conclude on Saturday, August 6.

In addition to the usual speakers on outlaw and lawman history topics, NOLA plans to sponsor a commercial rendezvous. Firms with western art, jewelry, guns and knives, western books, magazines, and any other goods of interest to westerners are invited to set up a display booth or use a table. Firms and groups with items to sell will be charged $100 per table; non-commercial groups will be charged $35 per table.

Included in the NOLA schedule is a banquet Friday night and a tour of the Western Research Center at the University of Wyoming in Laramie. NOLA has a room in the center.

On Saturday evening, TRUE WEST will host a 30th anniversary celebration party. TRUE WEST readers are invited to attend. Details will be announced.

For information, write NOLA, Western Research Center, University of Wyoming, Box 3334, Laramie, WY 82071.

Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least six months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information, including black and white photos, to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, Iola, Wisconsin 54990.

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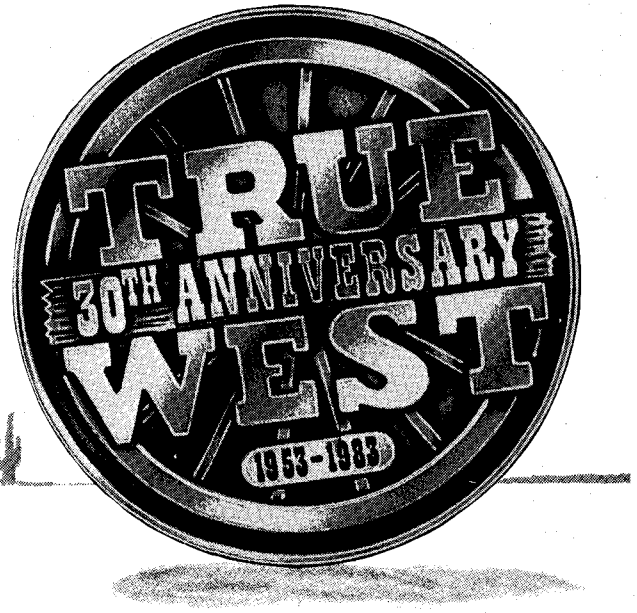

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A $10 value!

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This buckle is selling for $10 itself — and only through TRUE WEST magazine. You receive the buckle free with your 3 year subscription, plus save a bundle — $27.50 to be exact — off the newsstand cover price.

And if you have a special pardner or sweetheart, this belt buckle will make a great gift for just $10 each.

Act now, however, as supplies of the buckle are limited. This offer is valid only through May 31, 1983.

Our Big 30th Anniversary Issue ... August 1983!

Here are a few of the stories appearing in our anniversary issue:

Mary E. Stoner tells how at age 54 four years ago, she was shocked to learn that her father had been an Old West train robber and that there are 4 other major western outlaws whose wanted signs are nailed to her family tree.

Two stories about Charles M. Russell, the famous cowboy artist from Montana. One discloses his genius and accomplishments. The other, called "The Dark Side of Charley Russell," tells of his drinking — even after he was supposed to be on the wagon — and other personal problems.

The inside story of Wyatt Earp's second wife, Mattie, and why Wyatt's third bride, Josephine Marcus, tried to obliterate any trace of Mattie. Written by Glenn G. Boyer, author of "I Married Wyatt Earp."

Pearl Baker, author of "Wild Bunch at Robbers Roost" and other books, tells of her childhood days in Utah's fabled Robber's Roost. Well-written and humorous.

Leon Metz tells how he came to trail Sheriff Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid plus how he wrote his now-classic best-selling book.

Make sure you receive your copy of this special collector's edition by renewing or subscribing now to TRUE WEST!

And Coming In The Months Ahead:

Custer's Yellowstone Expedition • The New Mexico and Colorado Rangers • The Daltons in California • a sensational holdup in Oklahoma • McKenzie's Raid into Mexico • shootout in Kenniwick, Washington • a hanging in Arkansas • an artist on horseback in Wyoming • a lost wagon train in Nebraska • and many other exciting, true stories about the Old West!

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AJ8

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SANTA FE — THE WEST'S

A History of the Art Colony

Story by Bobette Perrone and H. Henrietta Stockel

Photos Courtesy of the Authors

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ROMANTIC ART CENTER

At the End of the Trail

WHY would the ancient ones, so busy with their day to day survival, take time to spend such energy to carve out drawings in their intricate and symbolic rock art? The cliffs and rocks from Santa Fe to Taos, New Mexico record their art form. They were the first of many yet to come.

Ten years prior to the Pilgrims' arrival at Plymouth Rock, La Villa Real de la Santa Fe de San Francisco de Assisi was founded in 1609-10. The Plaza was always the heart of the city, the market place, the end of the trail. It was the scene of constant activity witnessed throughout four centuries. It still is.

The bullring has been dismantled as has the public pillory and flogging post, replaced by standing easels on the cobblestone bricks and Indian vendors displaying their wares under the portal of the Palace of the Governors, the oldest public building in the United States.

Santa Fe, like other cosmopolitan trade centers such as as Boston, New Orleans and San Francisco, was always exposed to many influences. Unlike the others, it is not a seaport.

It is embraced by undulating landforms, stark contrasts of light and cloud and dramatic skies. It has always been sophisticated yet provincial, romantic, sensuous, tender and imaginative. It still is.

The earliest merchants, themselves frequently colorful figures, began to promote art. The trading company of Spiegelberg Brothers purchased a "...gorgeous gilded circus wagon...left in Santa Fe by a traveling circus.... The golden chariot was a blaze of light as the sun reflected from its mirrors and gilding."

You might call it the first art gallery in Santa Fe, for Abraham Spiegelberg was considered an authority on the Indian, Spanish Colonial and Mexican handicrafts he sold from the circus wagon.

Following the ox train down the Santa Fe Trail came the expedition surveyors, some with an eye for future railroad paths, and many a map maker and artist entered with the United States troops in 1846. In the Museum of New Mexico is a joyous painting of the 1800s, rendered by a soldier, depicting the Plaza with a picket fence around it and the military band playing.

George Stanley was the first known artist to have actually worked in Santa Fe. Called "professor" after the fashion of the time for piano players and painters, he set up his studio at Mrs. Goodwin's boarding house on Palace Avenue. His work caught the eye of one of the town's leading merchants who arranged an "Exhibition at Seligman's" for the young painter.

Frederic Remington visited Santa Fe and Taos numerous times, sketching

Vladan Stiha, at left, sits among his paintings in his prestigous Stiha Gallery in the La Fonda Hotel in Santa Fe, New Mexico. At right, browsers look at artwork always on view in Santa Fe's historic plaza. La Fonda Hotel, the inn at the end of the trail, is in background.

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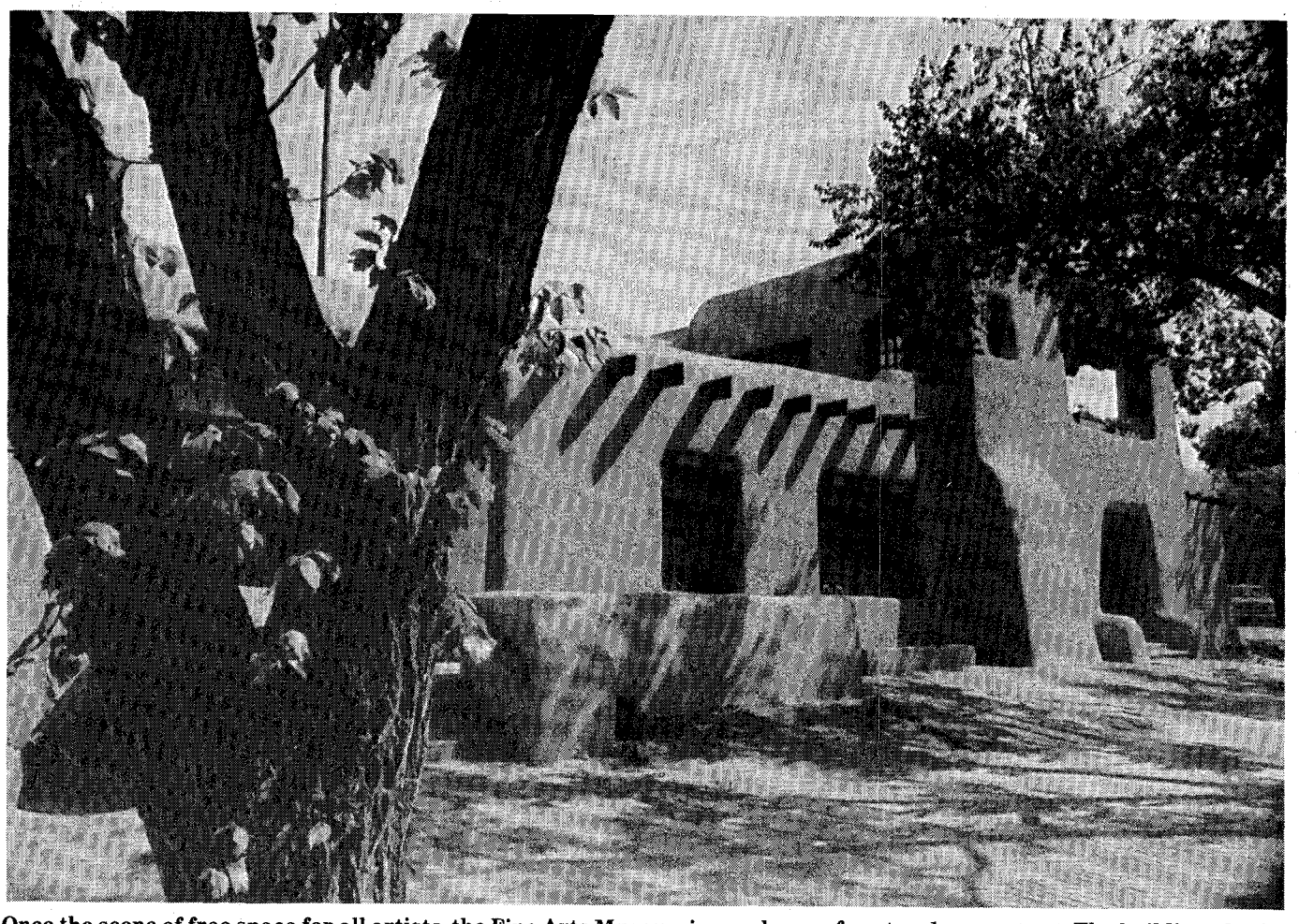

Once the scene of free space for all artists, the Fine Arts Museum is now home of past and present art. The building also is an enjoyable example of southwestern architecture.

and painting the dry table-land of the "blue wall of the Sangre de Cristo range...." Remington's work unmistakably had the element of dramatic action but he was taken by the peaceful Spanish villages and the blue evening smoke of the Indian pueblos which, he said, "looked hopelessly small and forgotten."

Clearly, the mark of the earth was on the artist. It still is. The attraction between the two escalated. In 1898, as winter approached New Mexico, two young painters, one of them Ernest Blumenschein who was trained at the prestigious Art Students League in new York, bought a wagon and team in Denver and set out for Mexico. The primitive roads had their way and a wheel broke. The nearest large settlement was Taos. Blumenschein lost the coin toss, went for help and became a prominent pioneer Taos artist and one of the founding members of the "Taos Society of Artists."

It was Carlos Vierra, however, the first artist to make Santa Fe his permanent home in 1904, who contributed so much to the heritage of art and architectural style that remains today. A native of California, of Portuguese descent, an ex-seaman, his great loves were painting and the ocean. Naturally, his first home would be a little cabin on the Pecos River. In poor health from overwork and from a severe cold, he moved to Santa Fe, opened a studio on the Plaza and soon became established as a sensititve artist-painter-photographer. Probably his major contribution was the development of the "Santa Fe" style of architecture, a blend of Spanish, influenced by the Moor and Pueblo Indian style.

Vierra designed and built his own home on the then outskirts of town. He worked on the house for three years, decorating and hand-carving the beams. While under construction, the townsfolk referred to the house as "the ruins near Cuttings" (a house nearby that was considered more acceptable). The Vierra house recently sold for a reported 2.5 million dollars to — rumor has it — a lady in the Santa Fe tradition who wears a diamond in her nose.

A little known fact about Vierra, a pioneer in aerial photography, is that he flew over Chaco Canyon to photograph it prior to the photographic flight of the same area by Charles Lindbergh. Also a lover of cats, Vierra always had five or six of them, each named either Muff, Puff, or Fluff.

Between 1907 and 1920, a steady gravitational pull toward Santa Fe was evident, drawing established "name" artists from the East. After the tragic death of his wife, Sheldon Parsons, who always wore a "Tom Mix" ten-gallon white hat, and his 12-year-old daughter, Sara, came to Santa Fe.

A doctor told the girl that her father would not live and was to have beefsteak and nourishing food each day. This, while the youngster was hard-pushed to provide shredded wheat. How they managed was an incredible feat but Santa Feans wanted their village to become a cultural center and artists were helped in every way possible.

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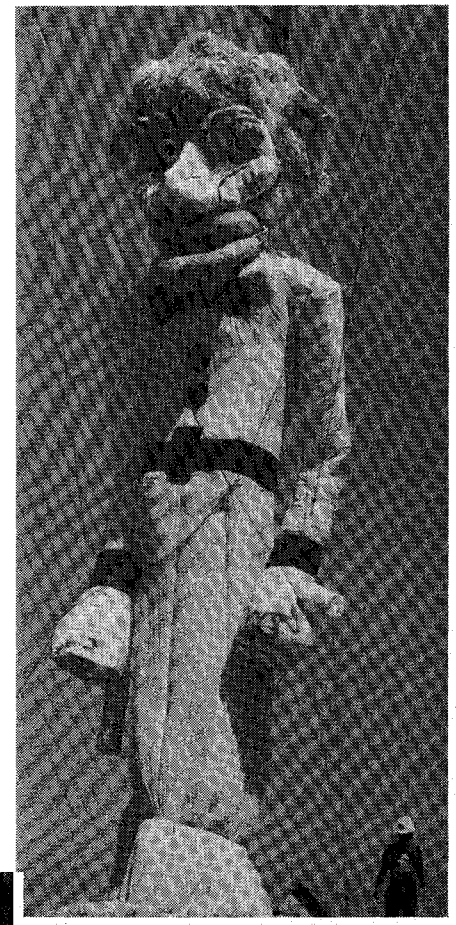
Paintings were often exchanged for services and goods with doctors and storekeepers. Parsons' home eventually became a meeting place for artists, among them artist-archaeologist Kenneth Chapman who contributed greatly to the construction of the Fine Arts Building on the northwest corner opposite the Plaza. Other notables were Gerald Cassidy, H. Paul Burlin, Warren Rollins, Julius Rolshoven, Robert Henri, William Penhallow Henderson, Leon Kroll and George Bellows (summer residents), Marsden Hartley, Gustave Baumann, B.J.O. Nordfeldt, Henry Balink and Frank Applegate. Each of these artists was significant and innovative as were many of their wives.

Undoubtedly, artists have always had a tendency to be drawn to a stimulating atmosphere within the presence of other artists. Hence Santa Fe, a simple and unpretentious village where living costs were low. The first artists on the growing Santa Fe scene were revered and respected because they were doers. They lived a life closely connected with nature and it was frequently demanding. Theirs was not a Paris or New York bohemianism and, besides, there "were too few philistines who might be impressed with bizarre behavior." Also, art from the cave paintings onward was a natural part of life for the Indians, as was religious art to the Spanish.

This group of early painters retained their European training, as well as their vocabulary imported from Europe, as most had worked abroad. Other artistic revolutionists, Robert Henri, John Sloan, George Bellows, Leon Kroll and Edward Hopper (who came and left) only slightly altered their styles. But they were exposed to the new and mounting wave of artistic change: Cubism, improvisation, choppy expressionism, futurism and semi-abstract styles.

Rolshoven left Firenze because of World War I, traveling to Santa Fe in fashionable white linen, in a wagon loaded high with art supplies. Maurice Stern arrived from the "exotic world of Bali and the Far East." John Young-Hunter came from Scotland. Many came because of poor health. Many emerged from the Great War to concen-



Interior of Elaine Horwitch Gallery in Santa Fe. To the right is a glass-topped display case featuring the best of antique and contemporary Indian jewelry. Above is Zozobra-Old Man Gloom, the 42-foot monster whose yearly burning frees the spirit at Santa Fe's Fiesta.

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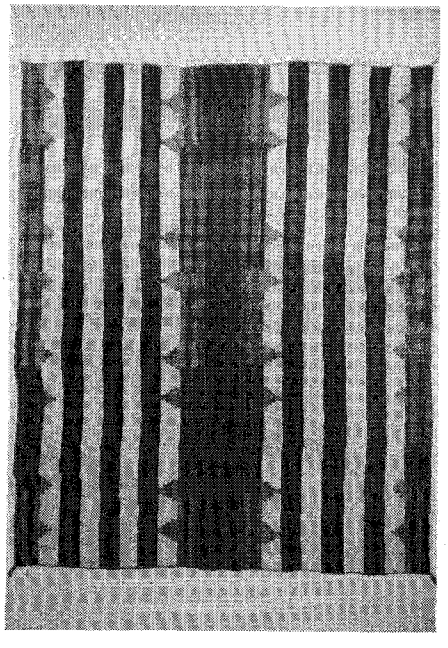
Jack Mills' painting, above, is of ghost town Alma, New Mexico. Below is a painting by Jack Silverman called "Navajo Child's Blanket," circa 1865. These are examples of the abundant artwork found in Santa Fe.



trate on things American. Artists from all over the world came to establish themselves in Santa Fe as permanent residents.

Two important women stand out from the crowd of fine artists who swelled the ranks in Santa Fe during the 1920s. One painter, Olive Rush, was influenced greatly by Chinese symbolism and calligraphy, the Japanese and El Greco. She said they "...worked by the spirit." Rush built an adobe home and studio on Canyon Road, having arrived via that respected training ground, the New York Art Students League.

Later, she became a magazine illustrator and then found her own spiritual climate in Santa Fe. She settled down permanently, painting frescos still cherished within the city, refusing to paint a mural at the Santa Fe Indian School. Instead, she suggested that the Indian students paint while she advised the project. She witnessed the growth of Santa Fe from what was called a "burro economy" (more burros than autos) to a sophisticated yet mellow city.

Eugenie Shonnard, born in Yonkers, New York, came to Santa Fe frail and shy from poor health. She had planned to work with lace — until she picked up a mammouth chunk of clay, molding and stuggling with indomitable spirit to sculpt huge pieces. She wanted most to study with Auguste Rodin. She sailed to France to do it.

In 1927, she moved to Santa Fe permanently and she and her horse, Peggy, traveled daily into town where Peg was hitched to the Plaza rail. A close friend of the potter Maria Martinez, Shonnard had a lifelong love and appreciation of the Indian people. She became deaf at the age of 27 and turned her "senses of sight and touch to produce powerful and spiritual works."

John Sloan and Randall Davey were forces in the first great period of the early '20s in Santa Fe's art colony. Davey, influenced by the French Impressionists and best known for his race track scenes, looked like a gentleman jockey himself. Interestingly, Davey is one of the few Santa Fe artists who painted Indians. Most others had turned to landscape to celebrate the joy of light and color. Sloan was a leading influence in the tradition toward new American realism. It was inevitable that

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these men and women, finding their artistic spirituality in Santa Fe, would be joined and followed by other artists, writers, dancers, performing artists and art in every form and format.

Life was hard in the Southwest and commercialism snared a large catch. As early at 1892, the Atchison, Topeka Santa Fe railway, bringing tourists west, hired artists to publicize western attractions. Fred Harvey's restaurants and hotels encouraged travelers to stop along the route served by the ATSF.

Seeking new subjects for their paintings, many Eurpean traditionalists engaged by the railroad were members of the Santa Fe art colony. They were tired of Dutch windmills and Marigold peasants, poplar lined French roads and sumptuous full-breasted salon ladies. There was an edge between "fine" art and "commercialism" and in order to survive, artists made concessions to popular appeal.

The railway arranged for artists to have expense-paid, four-week trips throughout the West in exchange for the right to select whatever pieces were wanted from the works painted during the trip. Sometimes minimal, embarrassing fees were offered and frequently accepted by hard-pressed artists. It's been said that the railway "used Southwest artists." Yet, both artist and the art world benefitted to a great degree. Between 1922 and 1931 the ATSF acquired 132 paintings, the majority from Santa Fe and Taos artists. Its total collection eventually counted more than 500 paintings.

The Roaring Twenties careened on the Santa Fe scene almost simultaneously with a group of five young painters, all under the age of 30 and all new to the area. These were the famous and sometimes infamous "Los Cinco Pintores." Their names were Jozef Bakos, Fremont Ellis, Walter Mruk, Willard Nash and Will Shuster.

These young men were in great contrast to the earlier group of artists, many of whom had left established, lucrative careers in the East. These newly-arrived artists were not bound to the academic and classical tradition of European studio art. They headed toward the American Modernism which unsettled the art field.

The Cinco Pintores were regarded as avant-garde and radical artists and they pledged themselves to "take art to the people and not to surrender to commercialism," exhibiting their work in factories and other places where art was unfamiliar. Each artist had a viewpoint and a technique individually his own. Each had vigor, originality and daring and each expressed himself from within his own framework of honesty and purpose.

With little money and less skill (except Bakos and his carpentry), they all built their homes out of adobe and on the Camino del Monte Sol, currently the most expensive real estate in Santa Fe. They started making adobes one year late in October, too close to winter for the bricks to dry. Shuster and Ellis built their houses side by side. "Shus" noticed Ellis' stacked wall leaning to fall. As he hurried to warn, Ellis pointed back and "Shus" turned to see his own adobe wall tumble to the ground. From this adventure, they earned the name of "the five nuts with mud huts."

There is a recollection by Bakos that they lived in constant fear of the revenue officer during Prohibition. Hard-at-

(Continued on page 61)

Carlos Vierra's adobe home as it looks today. Vierra was a major spokesman for reviving the Spanish-Pueblo style of architecture in Santa Fe in 1904.

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By JAMES W. BURNS

THE scouring processes of time may have eroded the deep ravine on the side of which the cave entrance can be seen. The trees may have grown and died and fallen across the streams causing the channels to divert, repainting the Patagonian landscape. But it is there!

Somewhere in a cave in the sultry foothills of the Andes in Argentina there awaits the finder 672 troy pounds of gold bullion. And there's a gentleman in Ireland who says he knows the location of the secret cache. He's willing to make a deal with someone who will undertake the task of finding it.

The gold is plunder from a train robbery engineered by western outlaw Butch Cassidy and his gang late in 1905. The robbery, east of Mendoza, was staged shortly before Cassidy and his gang were forced to flee their ranch in Argentina's Chubut Valley.

How was it that Cassidy and his outlaw associates happened to be in Argentina robbing trains? And how did a man in far-off Ireland learn the secret of the hidden gold? The story begins in the bandit haunts of the Rocky Mountains before the turn of the century.

THERE, in places like Robbers Roost, Browns Park and Hole-in-the-Wall, Butch Cassidy and his company of outlaws known as the Wild Bunch plotted their forays against banks and trains. From about 1896 to 1901, they staged some of the most dramatic holdups in western history.

But talk also began turning to quitting this hectic life and finding a more peaceful abode. It was becoming apparent to men like Cassidy and Harry Longabaugh, alias the Sundance Kid, they could not forever evade the posses and make good their getaways. There would come a day of reckoning and they figured they had better be going while the going was good.

As the Twentieth Century dawned,

A SECRET HOARD IN ARGENTINA

Frank O'Grady

Harry Longabaugh and Etta Place, taken in New York City in 1901, prior to leaving for South America.

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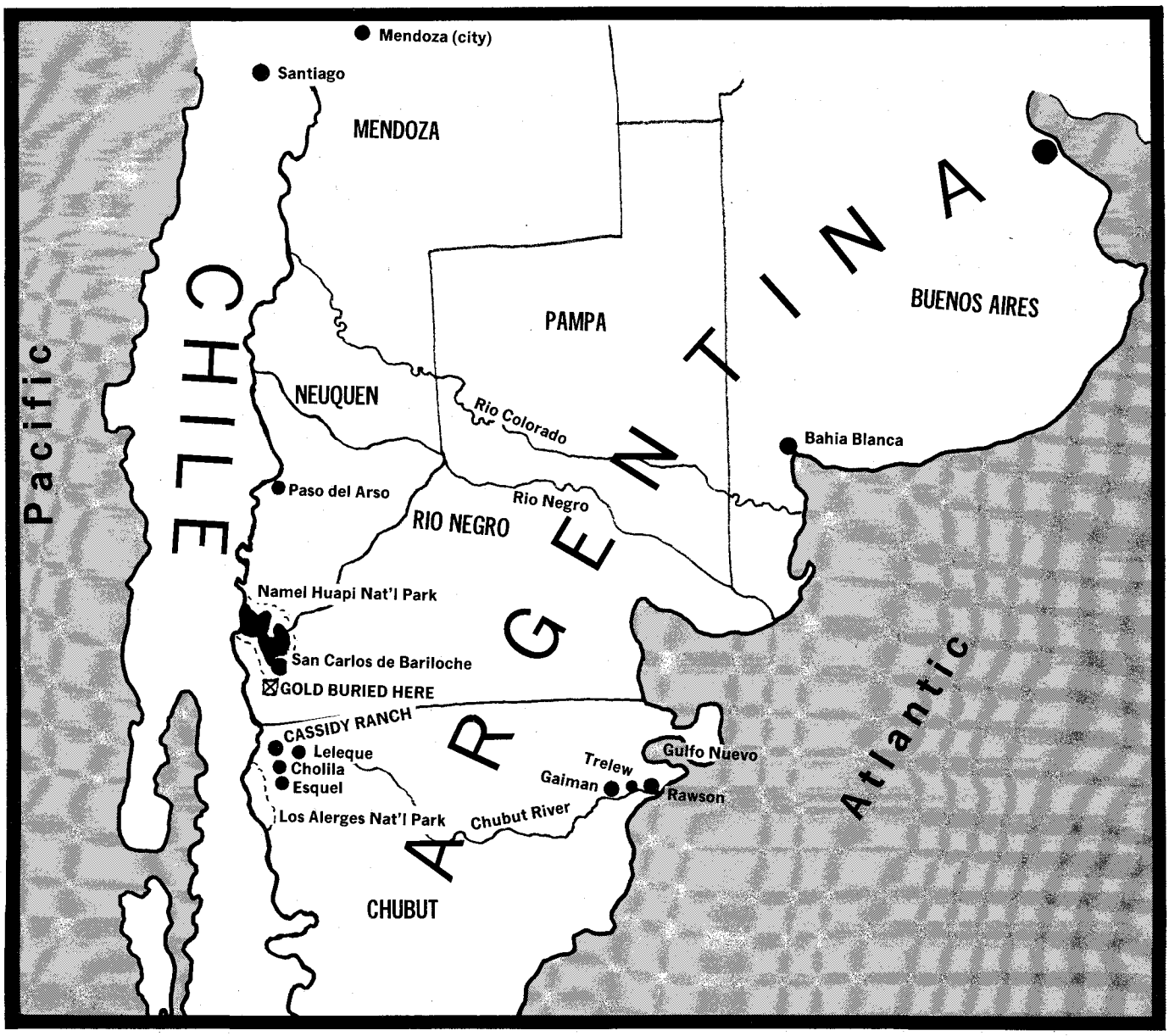

the horse gave way to the horseless carriage; the telephone speeded communications and as population increased in the West, more effective law enforcement developed. Slowly, one by one, the major outlaws of the day were killed or captured. Two of Cassidy's friends, Elzy Lay and Matt Warner, already were behind bars. The noose was closing on the others.

For several reasons, Cassidy and Sundance decided to escape to South America. Other outlaws were successfully established in various South American countries. And the vast pampas of the Argentine were being promoted as ideal for the cattle industry. The two outlaw leaders decided the Patagonia region of Argentina would offer them the best hope of settling on a ranch and beginning a new life far from the hounds that were barking at their heels.

THE WILD BUNCH'S operations became increasingly effective at the turn of the century and Cassidy and Longabaugh were able to divide considerable loot between them for a start at a new life. Prior to the gang's last robbery, of a Great Northern train at Wagner, near Malta, Montana, on July 3, 1901, Longabaugh and his consort, Etta Place, had taken their share of the bounty and left for South America. Butch stayed around for one more fund-raising event and then he, too, would be on his way.

Following the Wagner robbery, Cassidy headed for South America, taking a long, roundabout route. Harvey Logan, alias Kid Curry, who had helped lead the Wagner holdup, was to experience some further difficulties with the law before he, too, would decide it was high time to get out of the country. Three years later he began his journey to the southern continent.

Whereas Longabaugh and Etta traveled to New York, stayed nearly three weeks, and then made their way to Buenos Aires, Cassidy's route took him through Canada to Montreal, thence to Liverpool in England and from there he went on to Pernambuco, Brazil. During this time, Longabaugh and Etta visited Argentina and returned for a short stay again in New York. Cassidy, from Pernambuco, continued down the South American coast to Montevideo where, in September, 1902, he met Longabaugh and Etta. The three traveled on to Argentina where they began their search for a hideaway ranch in Patagonia.

When Cassidy, using the alias George Ryan, and Harry Longabaugh and Etta Place, known as Mr. and Mrs. Harry Place, showed up in Patagonia in 1902, they met a Chubut Valley rancher named John "Jock" Gardiner, a Scotsman who had come to Argentina in 1890

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at the age of seventeen. Jock was sent from his home in Glasgow, Scotland, for health reasons. He spent three years with two uncles on their ranch on the Rio de la Plata and then drifted south to the Chubut Valley where he taught school in the Welsh communities, established a brisk business trading with the Indians, and settled on a ranch in the Chubut Valley.

Cassidy's party met Gardiner and some of his hired hands as the latter was hauling wool to the Welsh settlement of Gaiman. Cassidy and Gardiner became good friends and the Scotsman helped the American select his ranch property, purchase livestock and build a ranch house. The ranch was established at Cholila, 10 Chubut, in Argentina's Patagonia region.

Although Cassidy was his closest neighbor, Gardiner at first did not suspect his friends were famous North American outlaws. Gardiner discovered that when he saw a magazine article with Cassidy's photograph. He confronted the outlaw with the information and Cassidy admitted his identity. Thereafter, the outlaw confided much of his life to Gardiner. The Scotsman kept well the secret and was instrumental in warning Cassidy when law officers discovered his trail in early 1906.

In 1907, Gardiner sold his Argentina holdings and retired to Ireland. He lived there for the remainder of his life, except from 1919 to the late 1920s, when he moved to England to avoid the rampages of the Irish civil war. He died at Cong, County Mayo, on May 4, 1946.

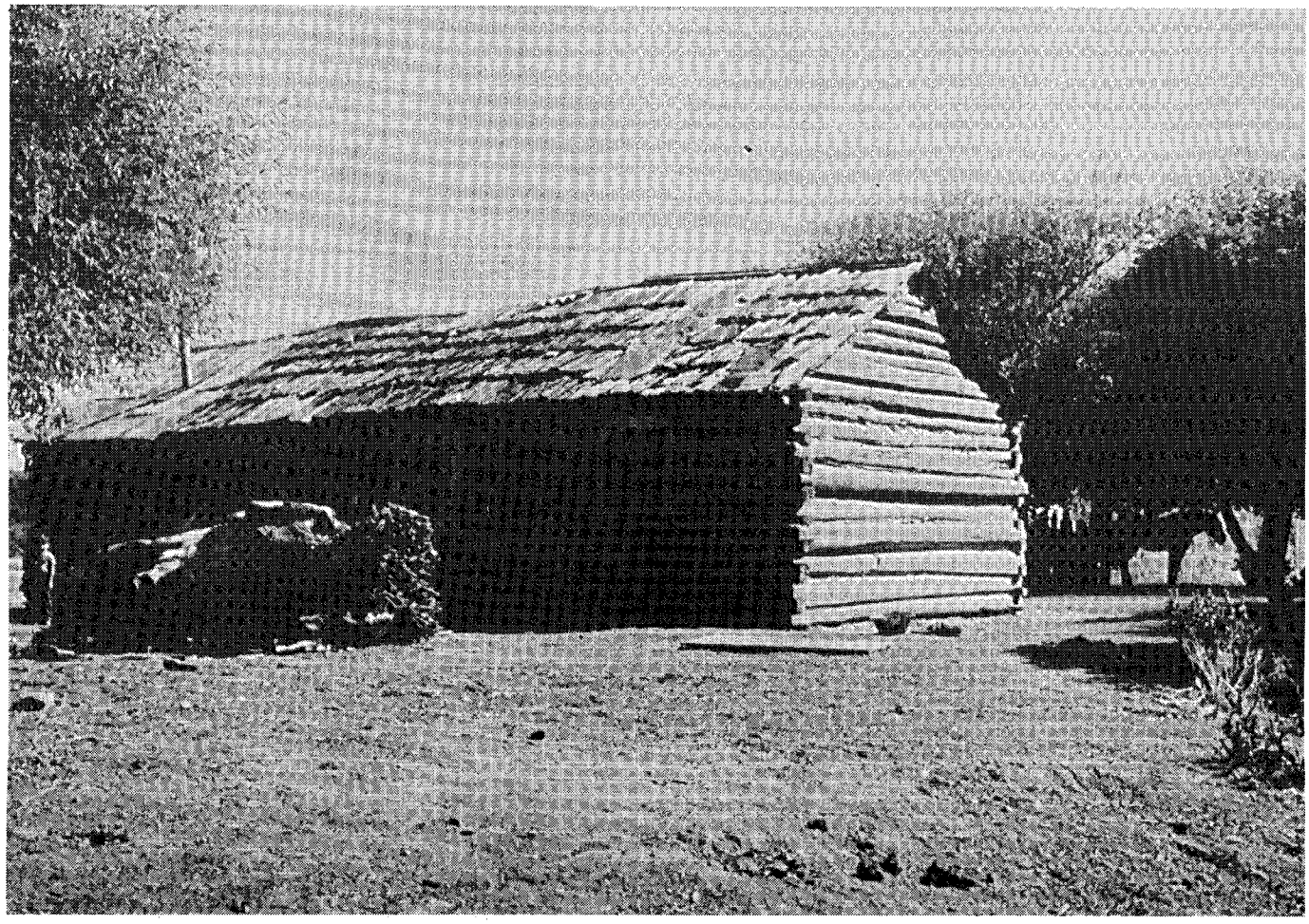
GARDINER soon became acquainted with the O'Grady family of County Mayo. In that family was a youngster, only six in 1907, named Frank. Through the years Gardiner and young Frank O'Grady became steadfast friends and the elder often recounted his adventures in Patagonia. O'Grady especially enjoyed stories about Butch Cassidy and the other outlaws.

By the late 1930s, O'Grady began writing down Gardiner's recollections so they would not be lost. He kept those reminiscences to this day. In 1949, O'Grady wrote the British Consul in Buenos Aires asking questions about Cassidy's experiences in Patagonia and offered tidbits of information to establish that he knew something of the events.

O'Grady's letter was sent to the Argentine interior ministry and therein sparked an investigation into Cassidy's outlaw activities in that country. Provincial police reports were discovered and gathered. These became the basis for a three-part series of articles published in May, 1970 in the Clarin, a Buenos Aires newspaper.

One of the articles referred to "Frank O'Grady of Claremoris, Ireland." With just that information, a lengthy search was conducted to find Frank O'Grady in Ireland. Eventually, the colorful 75-year-old Irishman, who is in failing health, was located and interviewed. His information, the basis for this story, has been corroborated by various other sources on Cassidy's life in South America.

Among those whose lives would touch the new American ranchers were the Gaiman general store owner Giles Lewellyn and the sheriff of the region, David Humphries. Cassidy became friends with both. When he decided what land to buy he registered and paid for it with the sheriff. Cassidy purchased ten square leagues of land for



Butch Cassidy's ranchhouse in Argentina.

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The Wild Bunch. Left to right, standing: Bill Carver and Harvey Logan. Sitting: Harry Longabaugh, Ben Kilpatrick and Robert LeRoy Parker, alias Butch Cassidy.

$100 plus $10 for the surveying fee. After this transaction, which took place at Sheriff Humphries' office in Rawson (another Welsh community nearer the coast than Gaiman), the sheriff invited Cassidy and Gardiner into his home for drinks.

It was there Gardiner explained in front of the sheriff that Humphries dealt in contraband booze on the side. As soon as Cassidy had established his ranch, Humphries called with presents for everyone. Thereafter the sheriff and Cassidy would see each other often, the sheriff never suspecting his friend was a famous outlaw.

During the first years in Argentina, Cassidy, Longabaugh and Etta Place devoted themselves to living the good life of the pampas. Although they had the livestock, they seemed to do very little serious ranching. They joined in festivities such as the rodeos, the pony racings, and the fiestas at Esquel, a town near Cholila. Etta maintained open house and became known for her hospitality. A genial and beautiful hostess, she established a reputation as an excellent cook, especially of Mexican dishes. David Humphries was a frequent caller and another, less obvious admirer was neighbor John Gardiner.

The Americans spent money lavishly and were inveterate gamblers. Whiskey and wine flowed freely as the outlaws and their friends gambled for high stakes. Cassidy loved to gamble, but in South America, as in North, he was known never to get very drunk.

Cassidy's ranch house was built with gambling in mind. It had three main rooms, the kitchen and eating room in the center, the sleeping quarters on one side, and a large room on the other. Behind the house to the west was a strong corral where four of the fleetest horses were kept saddled at all times. Although the house had a sleeping room, the occupants, as elsewhere in Patagonia, slept most of the year outside on hammocks.

It did not take the Americans long to insinuate themselves into the elite of Argentine society. When the governor of the territory, a Dr. Lezana, was inaugurated, the three were invited as guests and Etta was honored by dancing with the governor.

Social events often were organized at the ranch and the three Americans, especially Longabaugh and Etta, enjoyed demonstrating their riding and shooting skills. Longabaugh became noted as a sensational marksman and Etta showed she was a thoroughly skilled western horsewoman. Only Cassidy held back somewhat from these activities. He had difficulty with the Spanish language and, perhaps, he sensed notoriety could only lead to trouble.

The fun and frolic continued into 1905, but with the arrival of Harvey Logan, the outlaws' interest turned to more serious pursuits.

IN 1904, Harvey Logan fled the United States. He made his way down the West Coast to Mexico. After a stop in Monterey to pick up money left for him by members of the gang, Logan crossed Mexico to its eastern shore and sailed down the South American coast to Uruguay. From there he traveled inland to Argentina and eventually made it to Cassidy's ranch in the Chubut Valley. With Logan's arrival, the Wild Bunch's leadership was re-established and the gang began anew its depredations, pillaging banks, robbing trains and railways.

In February, 1905, soon after Logan's arrival, Cassidy's gang staged its first South American robbery, that of the Bank of London and Tarapaca in Rio Gallegos near the southern tip of Argentina. They may have chosen this site because of its distance, some 1,000 kilometers from their ranch.

Prior to leaving for this adventure, Cassidy and his cohorts announced they were leaving for Chile and would be gone two months. But of course, they rode in the opposite direction, to Rio Gallegos. There they rented a small house on the edge of town. Included in the group were Cassidy, Longabaugh, Logan and Etta. They adopted what one Argentine newspaper called "an ingenious plan."

Twice a week they came into the city for provisions. They did this on horseback and always at a full gallop. As they raced into town they called so much attention to themselves that the residents would comment to each other, "Here come those crazy Yankees." They did this so often the people became accustomed to their wild riding and no one was alarmed. They repeated this exercise until the day of the robbery, February 14, 1905.

On that day they rode into town and stopped in front of the bank. The men entered and accosted the sub-agent in charge, demanding all the cash. The bandits took away 20,000 pesos and a small box containing an unknown quantity of gold ingots. Then the outlaws

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raced out of town, but it was largely unnoticed by the conditioned populace.

They returned to their estancia at Cholila. From then on they staged a flurry of robberies and were prepared, if need be, to flee the ranch.

It should be noted that the gang acted before, not after, their presence on the ranch was discovered by Argentine authorities. The gang members sometimes are pictured as having returned to their old ways after being forced to flee their ranch by approaching law officers. But the authorities only became aware of their presence because of the robberies they committed in the hitherto tranquil Argentine interior.

The robbery which led to the forced abandonment of the ranch occurred in late 1905 and was the last of several bank and train holdups that year. The robbery was pulled off after the gang learned of a gold shipment from Chile to Buenos Aires in a most unusual way in the little village of Gaiman, one of several Welsh communities near the south Argentine coast. The town in November 1905 was preparing for horse racing, a favorite summer event. Gauchos, the Argentine cowboys, Welsh farmers and big cattle ranchers all were descending on the town for the show. Several days previously storekeeper Giles Lewellyn was talking to Sheriff David Humphries. While the two were in conversation in Lewellyn's general store, a gaucho came in to buy tobacco. They continued to talk taking no particular notice of the stranger.

"Preparing for the races, Dave?" asked Lewellyn of Humphries.

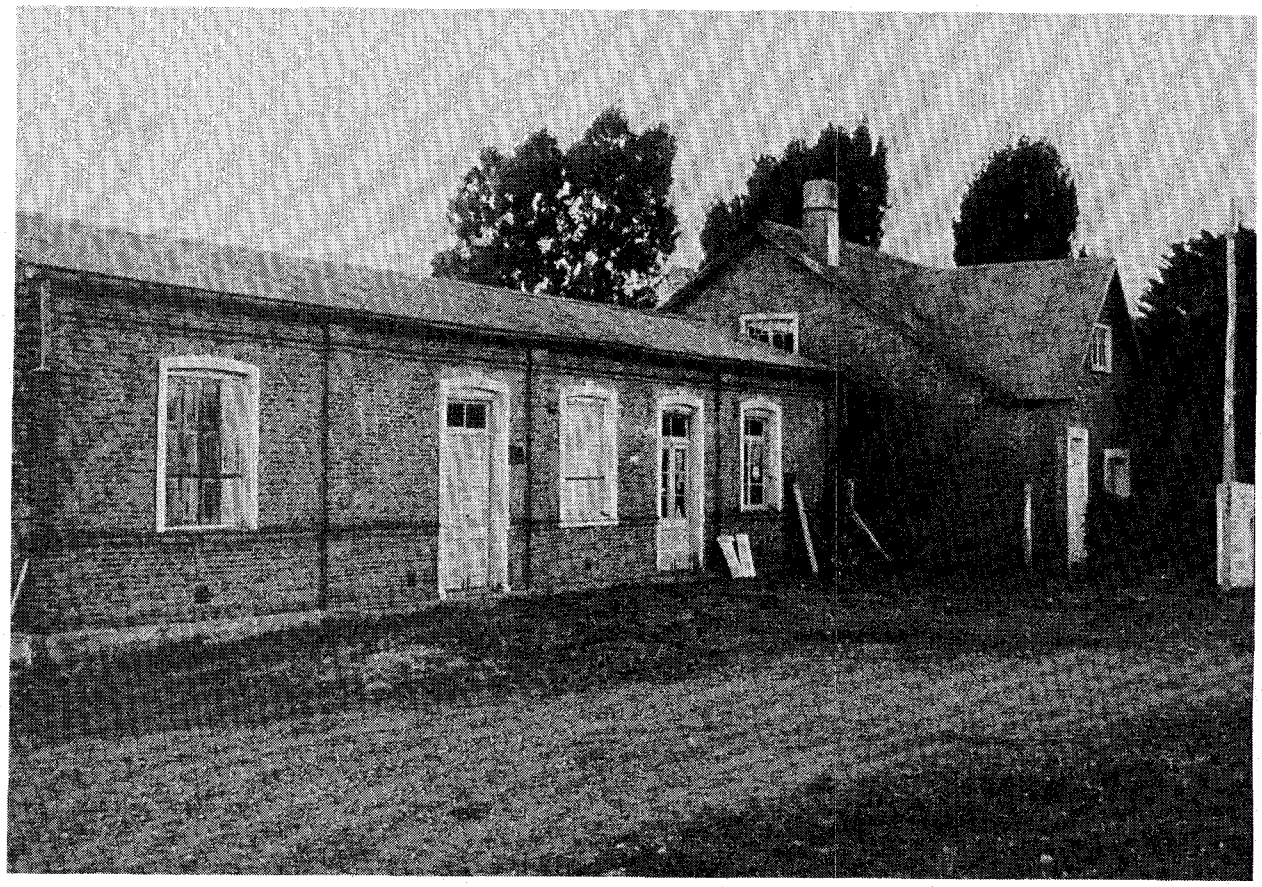
"No," replied the sheriff, moving closer. In lowered voice, he told of having to maintain his station because of an important gold shipment from Chile destined for the mint in Buenos Aires. The gaucho moved nearer during the conversation but Lewellyn thought he was absorbed in his purchase. Then silently the Argentine cowboy left.

WHEN John Gardiner rode into Gaiman the next day, Lewellyn mentioned seeing the strange gaucho and describing him, asked John if he knew the man. Gardiner replied the gaucho, named Rodriguez, was a new rider for George Ryan.

Gardiner returned to his ranch to learn of some unusual events which had transpired at the neighboring place. An Indian named Pedro, in Gardiner's hire, hung out as much as possible at the Cassidy ranch and reported happenings to Gardiner. Pedro disclosed that all of the men at the ranch had ridden north. Only Etta remained to maintain a constant vigil through a big naval telescope Cassidy had installed at one window of his ranch house.

At the races in Gaiman, Gardiner asked Lewellyn if the gaucho Rodriguez had heard anything unusual when he was in Lewellyn's store. The storekeeper thought not because he was sure the gaucho could not understand English and even if he did, was not close enough to hear his conversation with Sheriff Humphries.

Two days later the Argentine rang with the news of the greatest robbery ever. It was summer south of the equator and the passes across the Andes between Chile and Argentina were open. A large shipment of gold, mined near Valparaiso, Chile, was transported by pack train over the Andes to Mendoza from whence it was to be taken by train to the mint in Buenos Aires. The train was held up east of Mendoza and the



This is a store built by the outlaw trio in Patagonia in 1906, according to British author Bruce Chatwin who visited it in 1980. Chatwin, who spent a year in Patagonia, reported the stories he heard of Butch-Sundance-Etta in his book published in 1981 called *In Patagonia*. Chatwin supplied this previously unpublished photo to the author.

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bandits absconded with 672 troy pounds of gold bullion ingots. Although it was one of the most successful operations undertaken by the Wild Bunch, the bandits never enjoyed the fruits of their nefarious labors.

Previously the gang managed its robberies without leaving a trace. Like wraiths, they disappeared without a clue. But events went wrong from the beginning during the last Argentine holdup. The day of the robbery a sheepherder on the Rio Colorado witnessed a troop of about eight armed men riding for the area east of Mendoza. Later a cowboy saw a similar group returning across the Rio Negro leading pack animals loaded with heavy saddle bags. This information was relayed by Argentine authorities to the Pinkerton National Detective Agency in New York.

Following the robbery the bandits headed back to their home taking a northwest route behind the ranch. As they neared the ranch they found a site to hide the gold.

They marched their horses up the middle of a shallow river for two miles to prevent anyone from tracking them. (The Indians of the region were especially capable trackers.) Then they turned into a ravine, one wall of which towered 1,200 feet, the other rising some 500 feet. On one wall midway up they located a dry cave.

They wrapped the ingots in rawhide and placed them in seventeen maple sugar tins. The outlaws did not dig a hole in the cave floor, but used a natural depression to stash the sugar tins. Over this they piled boulders, and one large rock standing straight up. Their task accomplished, they returned to the ranch. They did not mark the cave or cache in any other way.

Until the Great Bullion Robbery, the Wild Bunch was able to conduct its depredations in Argentina unhindered. They left no clues; their robberies were staged at least 300 miles from their ranch in different directions and although the populace was becoming increasingly alarmed, little was done. But the robbery east of Mendoza spurred Argentine authorities into action and a Pinkerton agent was brought in.

The Pinkerton operative from New York did not take long to deduce the identity of the culprits. The robbery had been staged in typical Wild Bunch fashion and he knew the gang members were in Argentina. Once he had determined the probable identity of the culprits, he circulated photographs and descriptions of Cassidy, Longabaugh, and Etta among law agencies throughout the interior. Also a $10,000 reward was offered for the bandits dead or alive.

Sheriff Humphries was startled when he saw the circulars. He found it difficult to believe his rancher friend Ryan was outlaw Butch Cassidy. Immediately the sheriff himself hied off to another friend, John Gardiner, for advice.

What happened next seems improbable. In order to storm the bandit stronghold, Humphries knew he would have to deputize local citizens, many of whom were sympathetic to the outlaws. And he knew there might be loss of life. But even should he be able to organize such a force it would be no match for the armed men at Cassidy's ranch. It also should be remembered that the sheriff was one of Cassidy's closest friends and Humphries knew by then the outlaws learned of the gold shipment because of his indescretion. Other matters may also have weighed in Humphries' unusual decision. On Gardiner's advice, the sheriff arranged for Gardiner's Indian, Pedro, to deliver a letter warning Cassidy of the danger and advising the outlaw to flee. Then Humphries resigned his position and left the Argentine.

Cassidy thus learned he had been discovered. He withdrew his funds from a bank in Rawson and with Etta and Longabaugh rode north through the night to the Passo del Arco (Arco Pass) and crossed into Chile. But he did not leave before paying one last visit to his friend, John Gardiner.

"I have to thank you for your advice and your friendship," Cassidy told Gardiner. He then described the hidden bullion cache and told Gardiner he could have it. The bandits did not have the time or the means to take the weighty metal with them.

Cassidy bid Gardiner good-bye and wheeled his horse, riding off into the dusk. Gardiner learned Cassidy, Longabaugh, and Etta lived in Chile for some time and thereafter returned to northern Argentina from where they made their way into Bolivia. Both Cassidy and Longabaugh reportedly were killed in Bolivia. Now it is generally believed Cassidy, at least, did not die in a shootout with Bolivian cavalry, as reported, but returned to the United States and lived a normal life, dying in 1937.

Harvey Logan and other gang members remained in Argentina but they, too, never retrieved the gold. Gardiner was told Logan was killed in 1909 in Argentina when kicked in the stomach by a mule.

Gardiner never retrieved the outlaw hoard. In another year, he too, quitted Argentina. He first mentioned the gold cache to O'Grady in 1916, after the Irishman was old enough to understand its importance. Over the years, Gardiner, who was intimately acquainted with the land where the cave is located, described in detail how to reach it.

He told O'Grady, "I know it so well I could walk you to the place with my eyes bandaged."

O'Grady never attempted to find the gold because he believed until recently Argentine law would permit the government to confiscate most of the find. Enough time has elapsed now, he believes, for an individual to be able to retain a large share of the bounty.

At current prices, 672 troy pounds of gold would be worth nearly a million dollars. Anyone interested in finding the cache must agree in advance writing to share half of the proceeds of any find with O'Grady. In return, O'Grady will supply a map detailing the area where the cave is located.

EDITOR'S NOTE

This story was written in 1977 and published in the Spring 1977 issue of GOLD! magazine. Frank O'Grady, the source of the information, has since died. Before his death, O'Grady supplied the author with maps of the area where the gold hoard is said to be hidden. But the maps probably are not precise enough to be of much help to gold-seekers.

Covered His Back With His Belly

A cowboy's phrase for a man forced to sleep in the open without blankets. Such a situation is also spoken of as "usin' his back for a mattress and his belly for a blanket."

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COWBOYS, INDIANS, SOLDIERS & FOLKLORE

TRAVEL WITH US BACK INTO TIME; A TIME WHEN LIFE WAS SPENT ON THE OPEN RANGE, IN THE FRONTIER FORTS, IN REMOTE INDIAN VILLAGES, AND ALONE IN THE MOUNTAINS. THESE WERE THE DAYS WHEN THE WEST WAS BEING WON.

JOIN THE CATTLE DRIVES TO DODGE CITY, FIGHT WITH CUSTER AT THE LITTLE BIG HORN, AND RIDE WITH THE APACHES ACROSS THE PLAINS OF ARIZONA.

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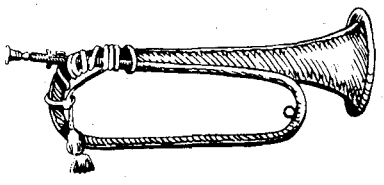

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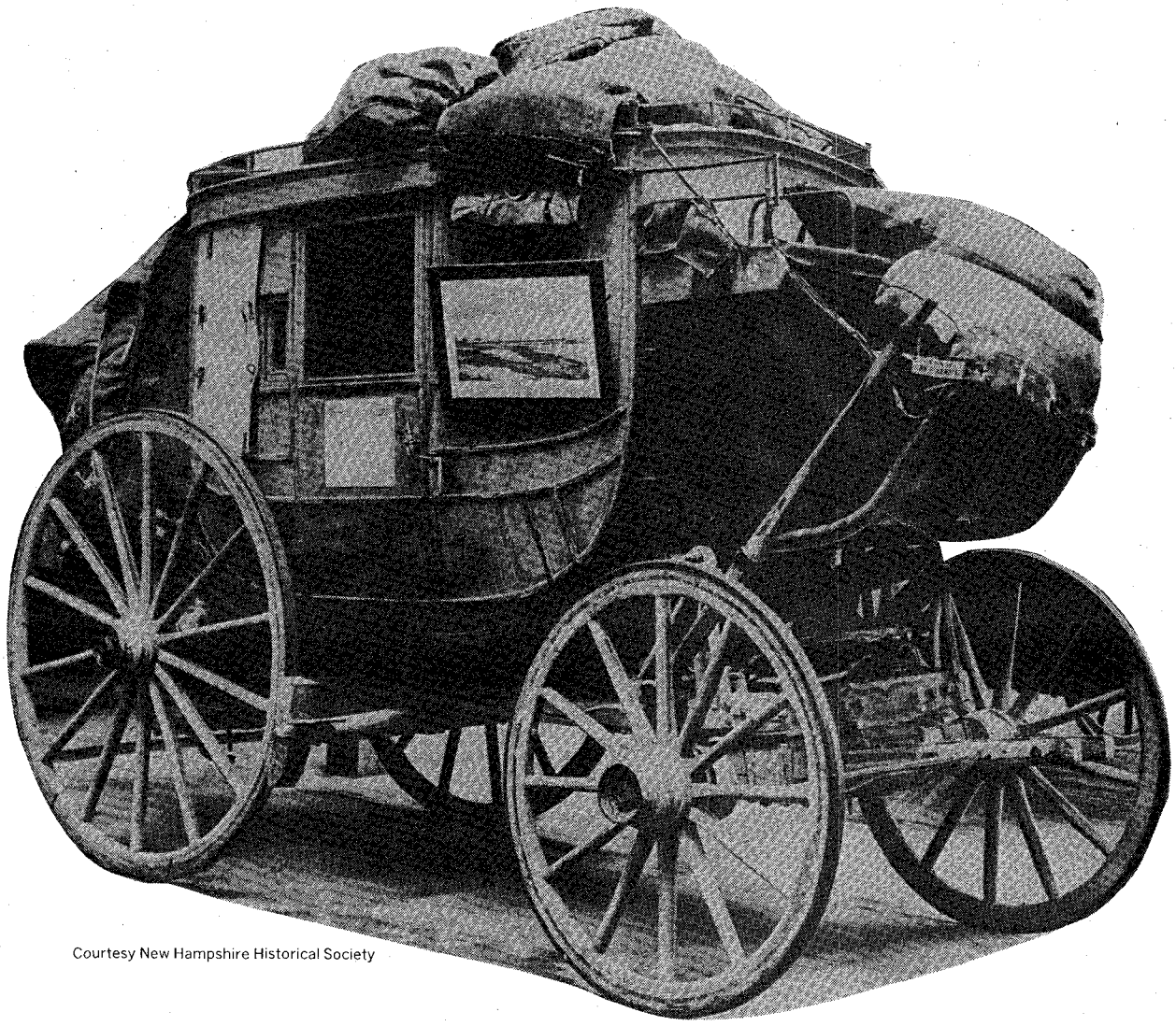

Courtesy New Hampshire Historical Society

STAGECOACH
The bus of the West

By RAYMOND SCHUESSLER

AN avalanche of people began to descend upon California after the discovery of gold in 1848. This was the brawling, intemperate time in which the "straightest route to California was the nearest road to hell."

California was isolated in the 1840s. The railroad ran no farther west than St. Joseph, Missouri, and it took four months to sail around Cape Horn. Wagon trains took five months across the uncharted and Indian-infested deserts and mountains.

The need for stagecoach travel in California suddenly became imperative. As one historian put it: "The growth of towns was so rapid that before you could sketch the last, a new one had sprung into existence." Mail also had to be delivered to the eager Californians.

Unless the land could be tied together by efficient transportation, the new El Dorado might slip away from the rest of the nation. The gold miners especially had to move their dust without losing their claims.

It was at this time that the New Hampshire firm of Downing and Abbot at Concord began to manufacture their famous Concord stagecoach. This is the coach that carried the "overland mail" and was used to haul Wells Fargo gold and passengers all over the West.

The roots of this fabled stagecoach enterprise reach back into the early Nineteenth Century when Lewis Downing arrived in Concord and started making springless buggies.

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Within three years he had a prosperous business in a new shop with ten men working for him. In 1826, a decade after he had started, Downing hired a coach builder named Stephen Abbot. Abbot soon became his partner in building the vehicle for which they became famous. The coach achieved world renown and so stimulated business that by 1890, the Concord shop covered six acres.

Oddly, in 1847, Downing and Abbot split their partnership, each forming a separate factory. When Downing retired five years later, the rival firms rejoined under the name of Abbot-Downing Company and as such continued until after the turn of the century.

The Concord was built with scrupulous and loving care. It was considered the Cadillac of coaches. Enough credit cannot be given to the excellence of the coach makers who created the famous Concord. Men worked fourteen-hour days. Only as many orders would be taken as could be comfortably filled — and no more.

Workmen took considerable time fashioning the hand-hewn wheels with spokes of sturdy ash. They carefully shaped, balanced and weighted the wood so no shrinkage could occur.

The Concord coach's egg-shaped body of ash and poplar didn't rest on springs but on a cushion of leather. Three-inch-thick leather strips ran from rear to front axles. Thorough braces transformed the bumps of the road into a fore-and-aft rocking motion and permitted heavy loads without straining the team. When the horses started, the coach would roll back. Rocking forward again helped the team overcome the inertia of getting underway. At the same time passengers were somewhat protected from the shocks of the wheels.

At front and rear were leather-covered triangular-shaped racks for mail, express and baggage. Directly under the driver's box was another compartment for the treasure box. The stage could hold nine passengers inside. An equal number could ride on top if necessary by adding extra seats. Actually, the Concord was made in three sizes, to carry six, nine, or twelve passengers.

When the completed coach rolled into the world it was as a newspaper of that time said: "A resplendent and proud thing...of beauty and dignity and life...as inspiring to the stage-faring man as a ship to a sailor." The white oak body "fairly held itself together by sheer feature of scientific design and master joinery, for very little iron was used, and this, where needed, was iron only of the best Norway stock."

The firm produced some fancy Concords too. One such was the coach operated by the Eagle Hotel in Concord which boasted a red plush lining, French windows and an eagle painted on the light-olive body.

BUT it was mostly in the West that the 2,500-pound Concord stage, with its heavy, low-slung underparts and its light body could be used most advantageously along precipitous mountain roads.

The first Concord stagecoach was delivered to California around Cape Horn in 1850. Stage drivers found the Concord's sturdy wheels were among the few that would not warp, shrink, or fall apart. Another advantage was that the coach would actually float. Everywhere it met the needs of that period even as far away as Africa.

At first mules and then mustangs were used to pull the coach. But as the stage business prospered, stronger, better trained horses were driven from Ohio and Kentucky to replace mules and mustangs. Dray horses worth $1,500 each were even imported from Syndey, Australia.

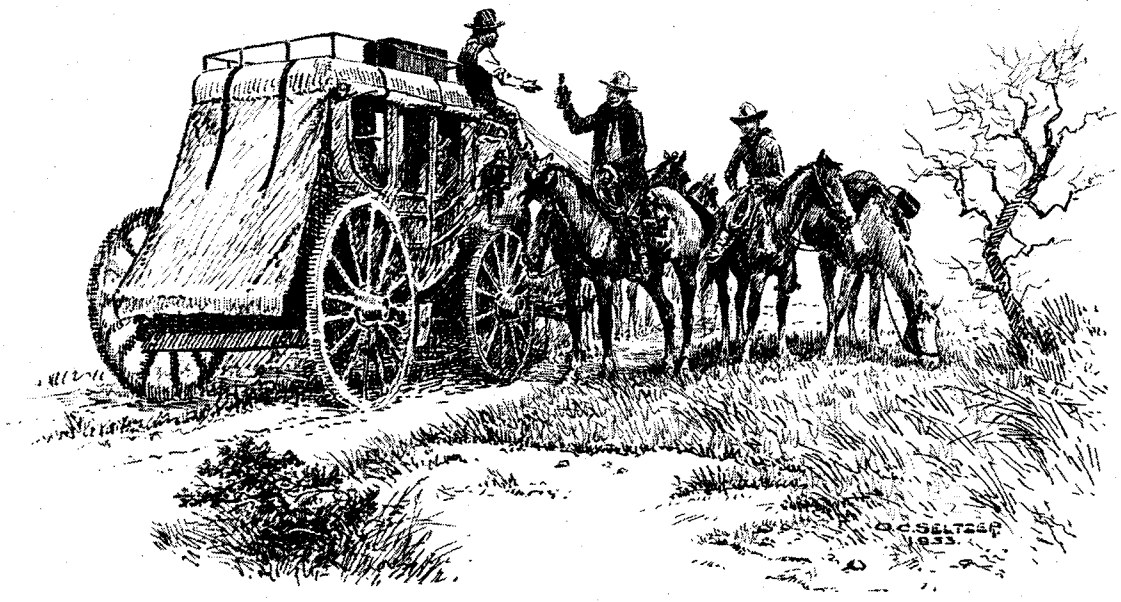
Many drivers considered a three-mile-a-minute horse the slowest worth driving. "Through in six hours" was the boast of some stage companies for a 60-mile run.

The horses were not strapped tight as was traditional in Great Britain. Rather, the breast straps were allowed to swing freely, allowing each horse to be controlled delicately and deliberately by the finger movements of the driver.

Loose straps allowed any jerking movement of the horses to be dissipated without affecting the coach. At turns, the coach could swing easily without dragging the second pair of horses, or the second dragging the third. One old-time driver said that the Concord coach could get the most from the horses with the least strain.

This technique, however, was a real art and not many drivers were skilled to use it effectively. To hold six lines of leaders, swingers and wheelers, and extract slightly different action from each was like playing a piano concerto. Drivers took as much dignity and pride in their work as any musician.

The drivers, or "whips" as they were



Courtesy Dr. Van Kirke Nelson, Kalispell, Montana

Montana Artist O. C. Seltzer's humorous painting of "a stage holdup."

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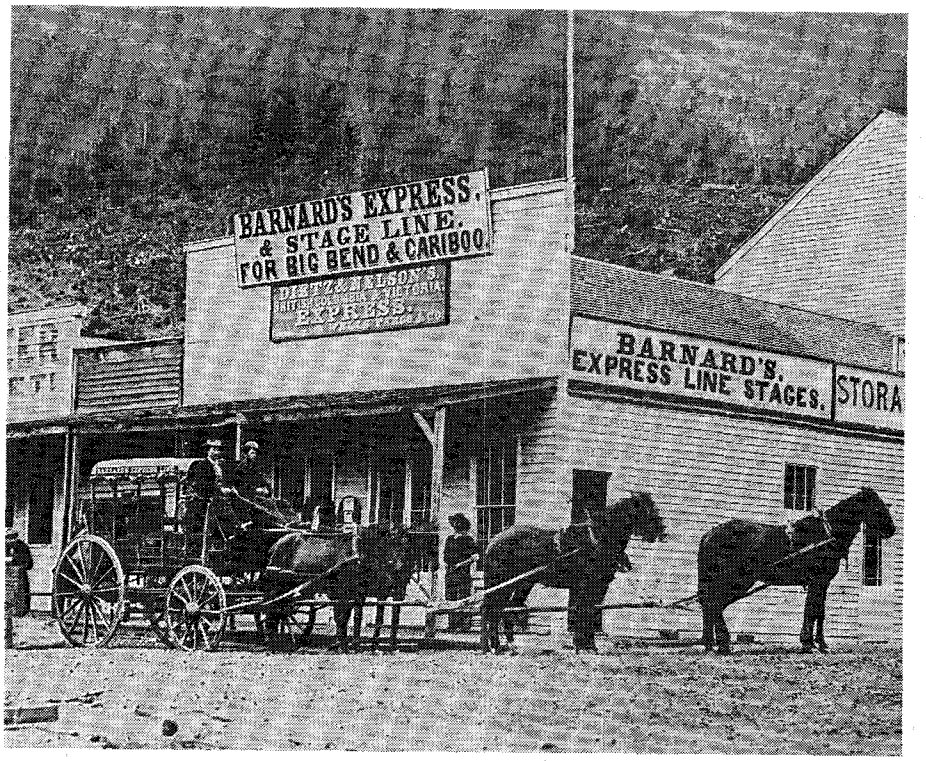
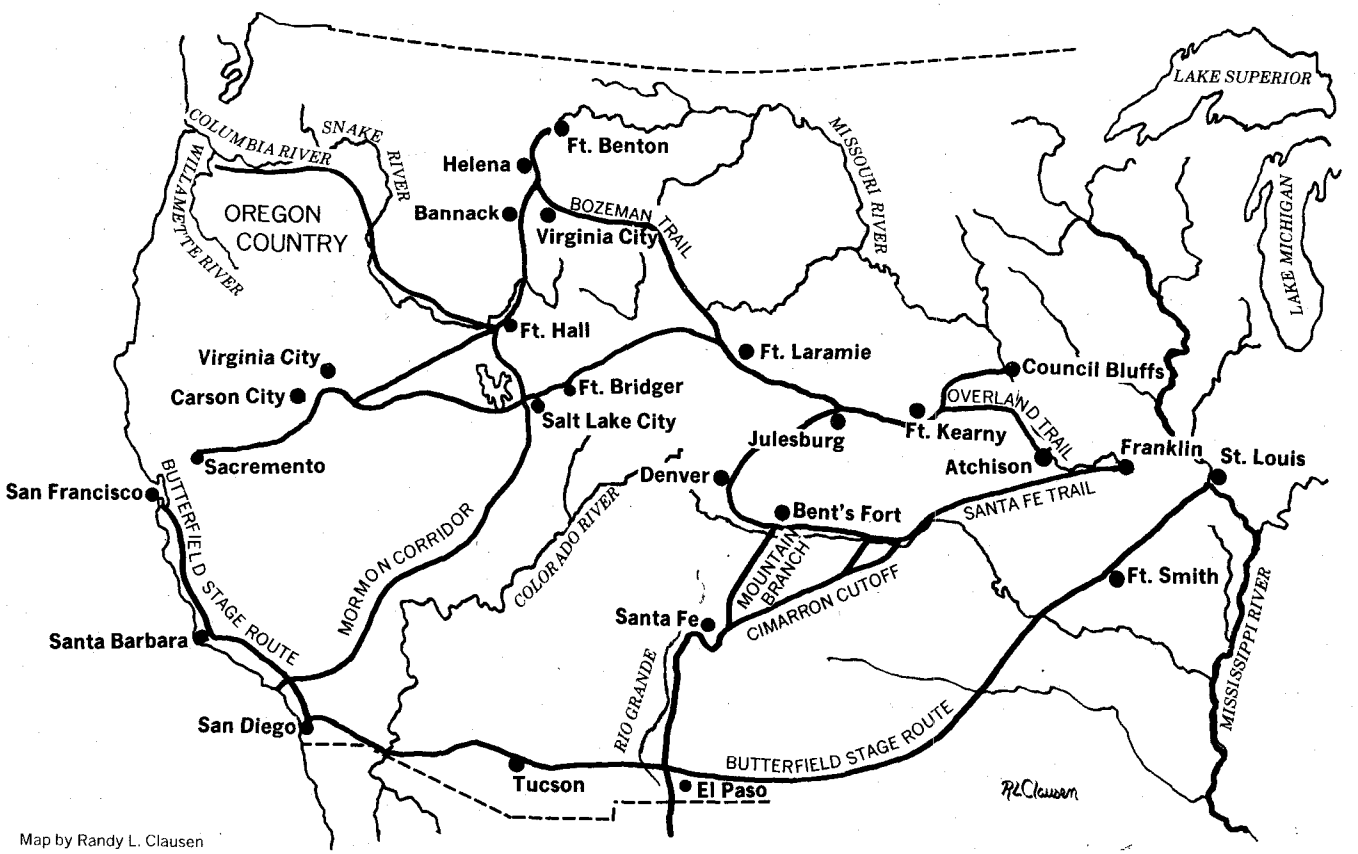
called, were a hardy, daring breed of men. They liked to dress well, strut after hours, and reap the adulation that star athletes get today. Such names as Hank Monk, who went over a canyon on a curve, Coon Hollow Charlie, Curly Dan Burch, Ned Blair and others were famous characters of their day.

Historian H.H. Bancroft described stage drivers as "a lord on his way...the captain of his craft, the fear of timid passengers, the admiration of stable boys...often profane but gentlemanly to his passengers...leveler of distinction, and the judge or governor on the box beside him is his equal, if not indeed his inferior." As former "whip" Captain Banning said, "his whip was his scepter, his box his throne."

Sharing their glory were the men who rode "shotgun." These were rough, grim-eyed men with heavy trigger fingers. If they put up a fight during a holdup they were rewarded with a gold watch. Stephen Venard, after killing three bandits who held up and robbed the North San Juan coach, was awarded $3,000 and a handsome rifle engraved with a drawing of the exploit.



Above is a coach and team, driven by William Parker, owned by Barnard's Express Line at 59-Mile House in British Columbia, taken in 1895. Below is a map of major stage routes in the western United States prior to the advent of the railroads.



Map by Randy L. Clausen

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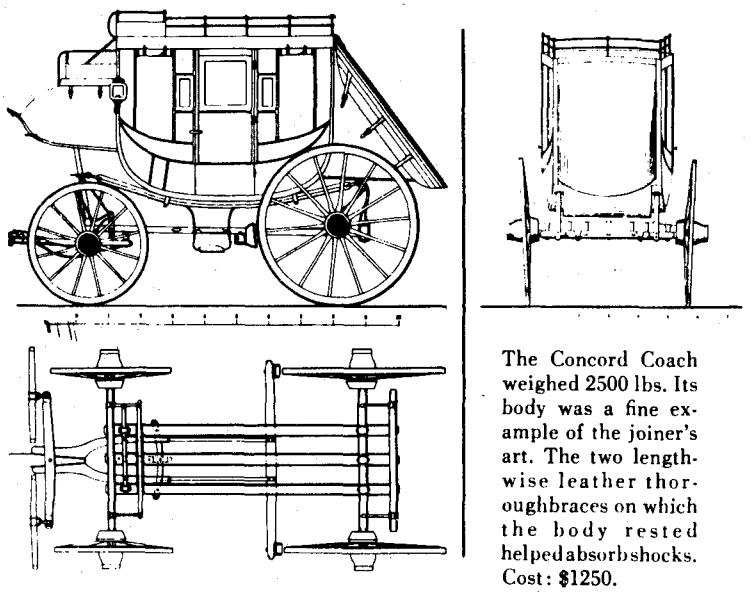

The Concord Coach weighed 2500 lbs. Its body was a fine example of the joiner's art. The two lengthwise leather thoroughbraces on which the body rested helped absorb shocks. Cost: $1250.

Gleason's Magazine described the guards as "athletic, noble young men whose good character and honesty lead the public to entrust them with millions of dollars."

BUT there also were eager young men of not such good character. They were just as athletic and they often forced the "noble athletes" to throw down the bulging strong box.

Instead of digging for gold, men like Black Bart, Rattlesnake Dick, Redfoot William and Tom Bell took to the lucrative new hobby of robbing the stagecoach. During one fourteen-year stretch, 347 stages were held up in the West at a loss of $415,000. But still the stages kept rolling.

Among the large fleets under single ownership, that of Ben Holladay, who used 110 coaches in his Overland Mail Co., was perhaps the most prosperous. Wells Fargo's order of thirty stagecoaches in one shipment created a sensation in Concord. It took a year to build them. No two had the same decorations. When they were shipped in 1868, they departed on a special train of fifteen platform cars and four box cars filled with harnesses and spare parts.

Probably no coach had a more tumultuous career than that of one called Deadwood. It was carried around the Horn by the clipper ship *General Grant*. On its run from Cheyenne, Wyoming, to Deadwood, South Dakota, it was attacked by Sioux Indians. Frequently its strong box was a target of masked highwaymen. Eventually the coach came into the hands of Buffalo Bill Cody, who featured it in his Wild West Show. In tours abroad it carried such personages as the Prince of Wales, the kings of Sweden, Denmark, Italy and Greece, the Queen of Belgium, the Emperor of Germany and the President of France.

THE Concord was a godsend to the miners. In 1850, the 300,000 people of California were scattered all over in small mining camps. So, wherever gold was discovered, the stage company established a route and stations. In 1853 alone, $57 million in gold dust came down from the California mountains by stagecoach.

At one time there were more stages in California than anywhere in the world. While one flashed by, drawn by prancing steeds, another rounded the bend to deposit more travelers — all carrying on the business of building California.

The stagecoach business in California began in 1849, when John Whistman hooked a set of broken mustangs to a fancy French coach and ran it between San Francisco and San Jose. In four years a dozen small lines were competing for business in the Mother Lode country, culminating in the famed Wells Fargo line.

It was no easy job to set up a stagecoach line. Stage companies had to build stations, bridges, blacksmith and maintenance shops, dig wells, get good relay horses, fearless drivers and shotgun riders, and keep the stage on schedule in a country threatened by Indians, bandits, dust storms, rain and blizzards.

There were no roads in the early West

Courtesy New Hampshire Historical Society

Advertised as the "most famous vehicle in the world," this Abbot-Downing Co. coach, built in 1863, was exhibited by Buffalo Bill in his Wild West Show. Photographed on July 4, 1895, in Concord, New Hampshire, are Col. W. F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody, holding reins, and John F. Burke, a celebrated early driver.

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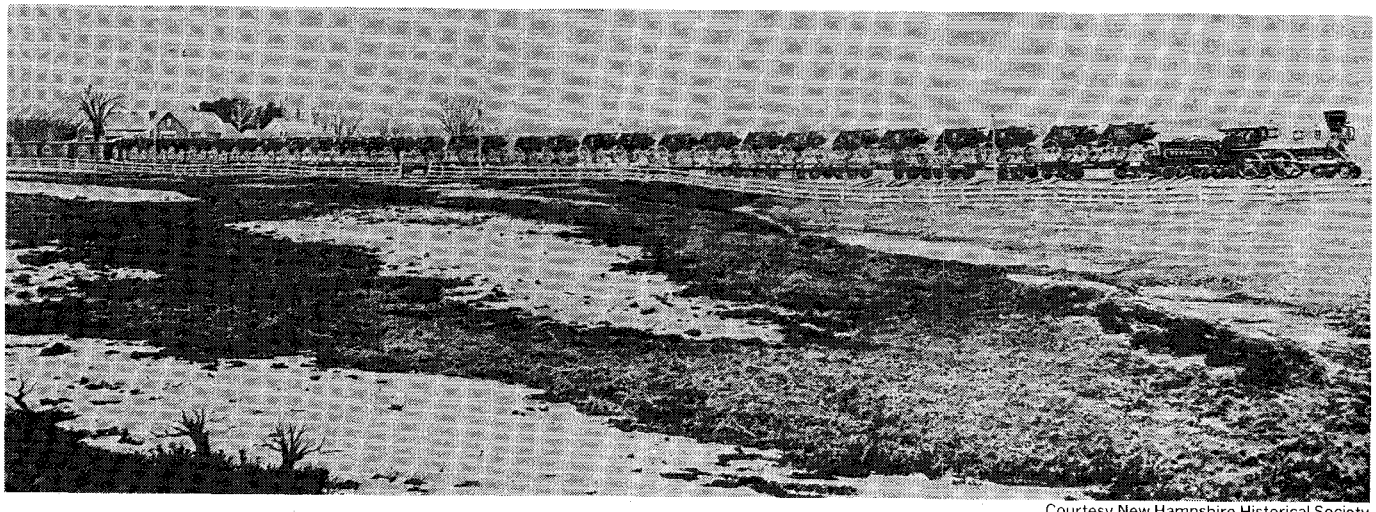
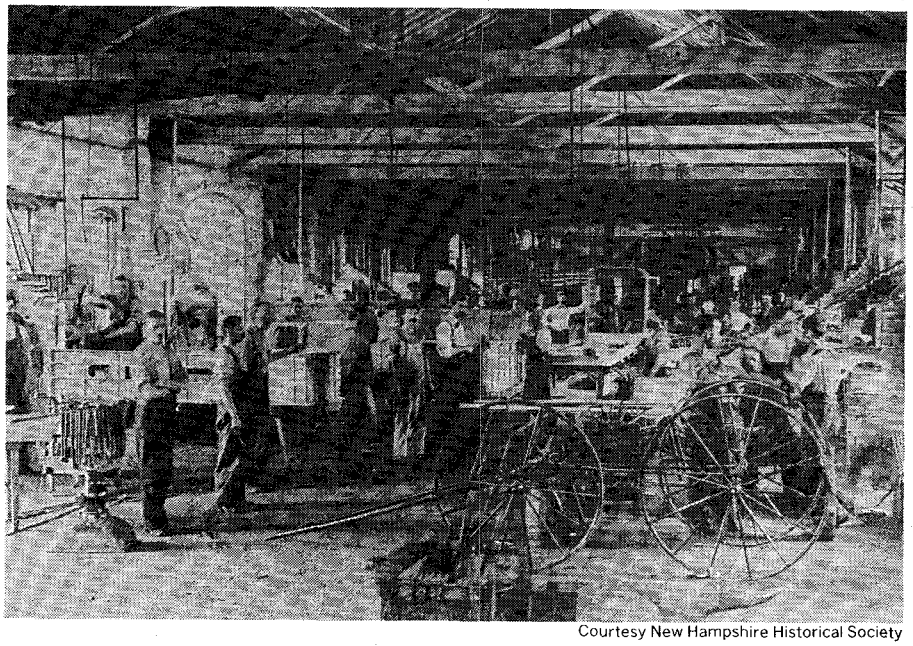


Courtesy New Hampshire Historical Society

Above, a trainload of coaches being shipped by Abbot and Downing from Concord, New Hampshire, in 1868. At right is a view inside the Abbot and Downing workshop in Concord, circa 1890. The firm would take only as many orders for stagecoaches as it could reasonably handle.



Courtesy New Hampshire Historical Society

— just narrow trails etched by horse riders. But the stage made roads following the trails used by immigrant wagons along rivers. As one traveler put it, "No one knows what a coach can endure until he has mastered western trails and gulches."

In 1865, the U.S. government contracted with John Butterfield to carry the mail from the Mississippi to California. This longest stage line made history as the famous Overland Stage. The trip of 2,700 miles took 25 days and a traveler paid $150 for the ride. Relay stations were established every 18 to 30 miles for a total of 165 on the route.

The average rate of travel was 120 miles every 24 hours. On smooth ground, they could roll along at 12 miles per hour. Over sandy or rocky ground, two or three miles was all they could make.

Meals were provided twice a day at an extra charge. These were simple menus of bread, tea, bacon or venison (antelope, deer or mule).

But the going was rough in the Wild West. Sometimes coaches were turned over by stampeding buffalo. The stations in uncharted Indian territory were targets for Indian aids. Periodically the redskins would swoop down to torture, burn and decapitate the station inhabitants. Starving bands would run off the relay horses for supper. Passengers, when stations were destroyed, had to subsist for days from the horses' grain bags.

The Comanches, however, were delighted with the "swift wagons" at least once. Some 600 of them stopped a stage just to examine every single part of it before sending it on its way.

A Dr. J.C. Tucker left a vivid diary on his ride on the Overland:

"Three in a row we would solemnly rise from our seats, bump our heads against the low roof.... We did sleep somehow...upon wakening you seldom failed to find your neighbors lying across you.... One poor fellow went crazy from loss of sleep."

Passengers were requested not to jump clear if the team ran wild...not to complain about meals...to forget about smoking a strong pipe inside the coach — and please spit on the leeward side. Anyone carrying a bottle was expected to pass it around. If there were women aboard, men refrained from pointing out spots where murders had been committed.

MARK TWAIN called a stage a "cradle on wheels." He described one ride as "forty memorable miles of bottomless sand, into which the coach wheels sank from six inches to a foot. We worked our passage most of the way across, that is, we got out and walked.... Powdery alkali dust...floated across the plains like smoke from a burning house. We and the sagebrush and all the scenery were all one monotonous color."

British travelers complained of an "absense of classes" aboard the stages and of the unceremonious use of tobacco by "dirty citizens." Ladies were shocked by the language of "whips" when meeting another stage or giving orders to the team in a "manner that places blasphemy as a light offense."

But, in all, the clever wagon put together at Concord was a blessing to the burgeoning West. Monuments are dedicated to the genius of Abbot and Downing in many frontier towns where the stage is still revered as the vehicle which moved men over mountains and desert to conquer the wilderness.

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MADAME RENTZ and the NAUGHTY LADIES of NEVADA

By ROBERT E. ERICSON

NOBODY expected a shooting. Sure, there was a lot of excitement and some rowdy, boisterous talk, but it was all good-natured, nothing serious.

That a man would be shot and killed in a squabble over a theater ticket was completely unexpected. When it was over and Gus lay dead in the street with Jesse claiming self-defense, there were those who said that something like that was bound to happen. But that was hindsight. It really was a surprise. A shooting over such an unimportant matter!

It all started a few weeks earlier with the news that Madame Rentz and her Female Minstrels were coming to town. This was great news in Eureka, Nevada. It was 1878, and things like that were something special.

Most of the men had heard about the "girlie shows" causing talk in San Francisco and big mining towns such as Virginia City. None of these shows, however, had played anywhere near Eureka. The leg-show had a reputation for being "ripe and racy" and the men of Eureka greeted the news of the coming attraction with great enthusiasm.

Then all of a sudden their hopes were dashed by Jesse Bigelow, the owner of the town's only performance hall. He had arranged for the show in the first place. Now he announced he had canceled the visit because of a disagreement over expenses.

This news produced results Jesse did not foresee. The men of Eureka got mad. They decided Jesse had welshed. Such shilly-shallying was not to be tolerated. If a man says he is going to do something, he ought to do it, not try to back out.

Some of the men decided action was needed. They chose a group of "spokesmen" who went to Jesse's office, shut

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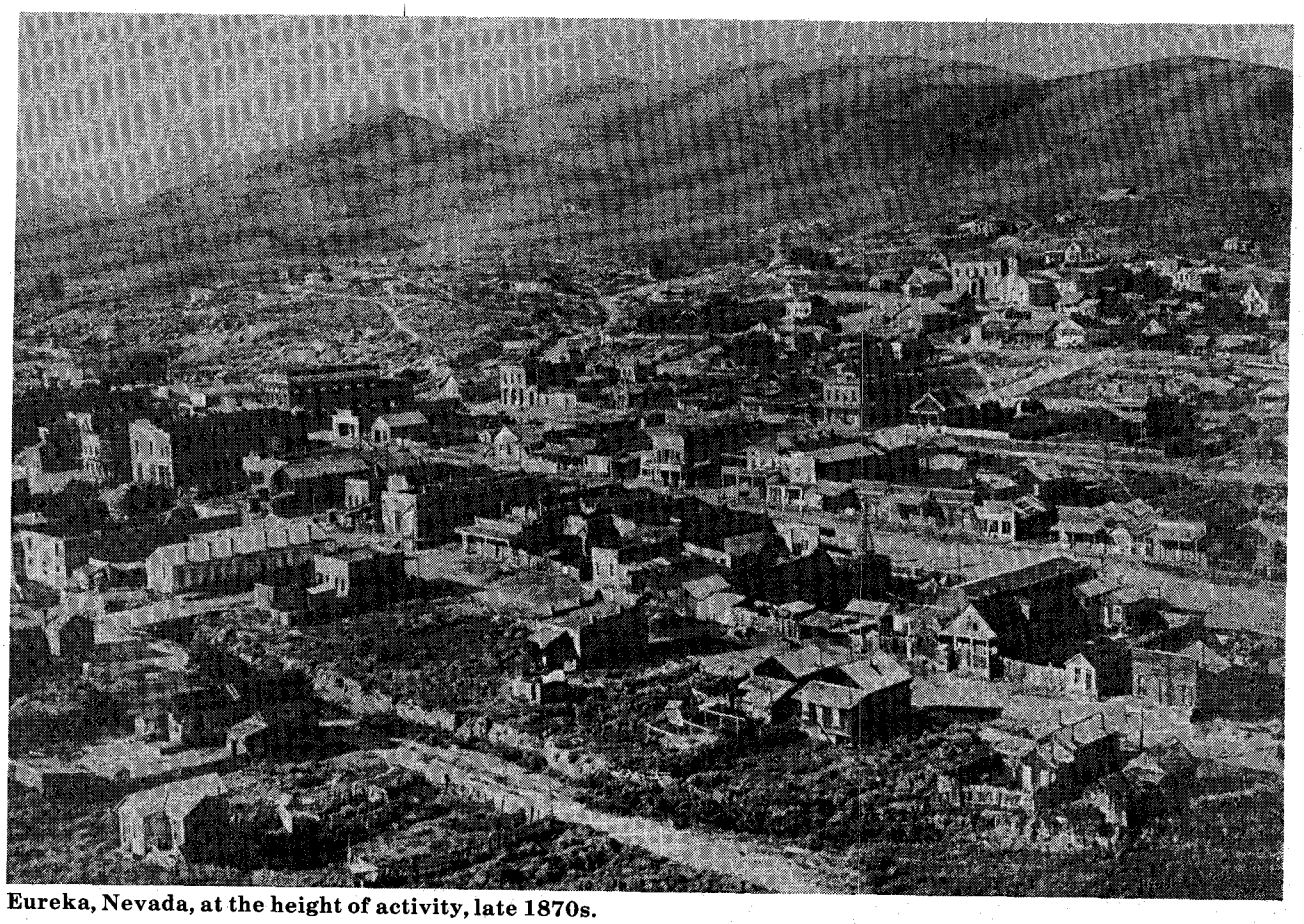

Eureka, Nevada, at the height of activity, late 1870s.

the door, and made their feelings clear. No one knows what they said or did, but it was enough. Jesse changed his mind and went on with his arrangements to bring the girls to town.

Eureka's newspaper, the Daily Sentinel, ran a story praising the efforts of the "public spirited" men who had convinced Jesse. The editor wrote that these admirable men were "so fired with a noble ambition to witness the chaste and elegant performances" that they had done the town a real service. The result, the Sentinel declared, was that the community could look forward to performaces with "a wonderful power of attraction for the old bachelors" that would also "draw staid married men to the theater in crowds."

THE troupe of girls causing all this excitement was well-known. They performed a new type of variety act causing an uproar in show business. For success, these girl shows depended on the sight of lovely women dressed in tights and not much else.

In the West these shows were considered "naughty," which meant ladies stayed home. The audience was composed only of menfolk, squeezed into any building usable as a theater.

Most of the girl shows weren't really dirty. They couldn't afford to be; the people wouldn't stand for it. Shows which went too far disgusted westerners and were closed or run out of town. Most performers were careful and walked a thin line between indecent and acceptable. They usually did well at the box office.

MADAME Rentz's Female Minstrels, though one of the best known of the leg shows, wasn't really a minstrel show. There were no black-faced men. They were all rosy-faced women. They were all attractive, all scantily dressed, and all able to sing and dance in their revealing costumes.

The Rentz bunch was, in 1878, nationally notorious because of a dance they performed. They specialized in the cancan, a dance in which girls exposed the entire length of their legs. Such a sight was unusual in those days. The cancan became the can't-can't after police raids in New York and San Francisco.

The men of Eureka eagerly followed news of the girls as they traveled in the West. In San Francisco the entire troupe was arrested; in Virginia City a reporter described the girls as "dashing, shapely women who do not allow any surplus clothing to obstruct the free action of their limbs."

The cancan packed the house whenever it was performed.

Their first night in Eureka, the girls perfomed to a packed house of appreciative men. The audience was wildly delighted. The Sentinel reported that "the free display of the human form divine was as marked as the most hoary old sinner could desire."

The newspaper declared that if any man "desires to add to his knowledge of anatomy or has a penchant for a sight of those beauties that the fair sex generally conceal, this is his opportunity."

More than 200 men were turned away the first night and the crowds continued during the troupe's entire stay in Eureka. "There wasn't standing room for a billiard cue," reported one observer.

The show was the main talk of the town during the four days of its stay. Gus Botto was particularly interested. He was a bartender in town and had had a hand in making certain the girls would visit Eureka.

Botto bought a reserved seat days ahead for the final performance. On their last night, he knew, the girls danced the daring cancan. They didn't always do it other nights for fear of being closed by local law officers. Gus looked forward to the big night and was pleased with himself for reserving his front-row seat.

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ON THE evening of the last show, Gus was late leaving his bartending job. It seemed all his customers were getting "warmed up" for the evening. He wasn't worried about missing the show because he had been smart enough to buy his ticket in advance.

As soon as he could, Botto hurried to Bigelow's Hall to claim his seat. But the place was absolutely stuffed. Gus was told he was too late. He hadn't arrived early and his seat had been re-sold.

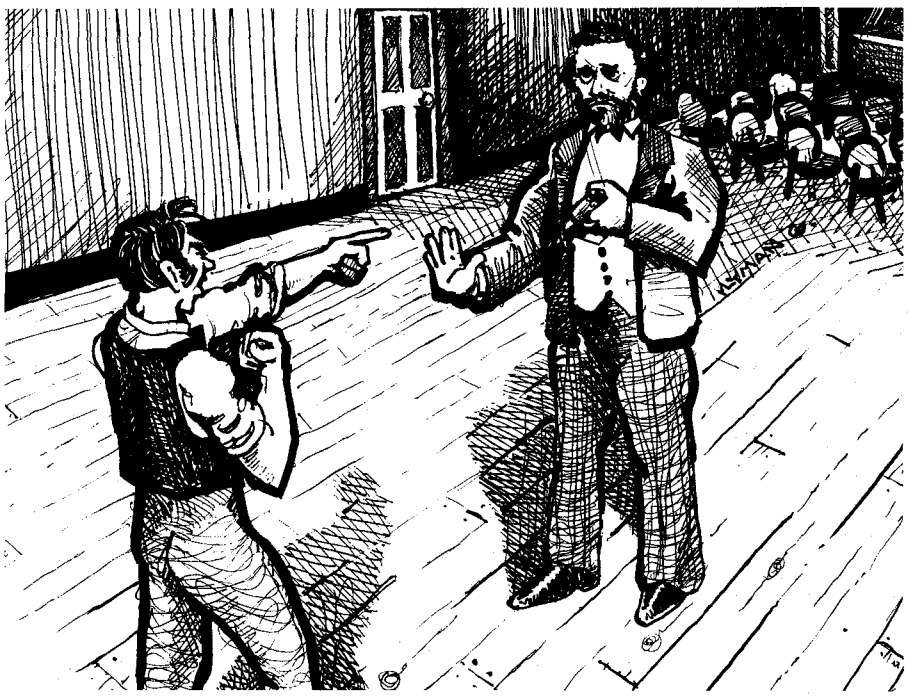
Gus roared and stomped and waved his ticket, but it did no good. There was no room, not even for standing.

Gus was mad. This was his last chance to see the show and not even his reserved ticket could get him in. The glorious cancan was, for him, a can't-can't. His anger seethed. He yelled for Jesse Bigelow to show his face, screaming that Bigelow was responsible. Jesse would have to take the consequences.

All the commotion was reported to Jesse who figured there was real trouble. He knew Botto's reputation for violence. Botto had killed a man in a gunfight not long before and few men cared to get on the wrong side of him.

Bigelow wasn't sure just what to do. Botto was not a man to mess with. Hoping for the best, but ready for the worst, Bigelow stuck a revolver in his coat.

The girls did the cancan as their last number and the curtain came down on the final performance. As the hall was emptying, Botto came back. He found Bigelow and began to scream invectives.



Botto lit into Bigelow with every cuss-word he knew. When he got a chance, Bigelow tried to explain but Botto wasn't listening. Gus grew louder and louder and looked meaner and meaner.

Bigelow's patience finally ended. He ended the entire matter by pulling his gun and emptying it into Botto, who stopped yelling, staggered into the street, and fell dead.

That was that. Like most things of that sort, it started fast and ended faster. The people of Eureka were a bit shocked, but they felt Gus Botto had died in a good cause. Everyone participated in a spendid funeral for him. Jesse Bigelow stood trial for murder, but no one really blamed him under the circumstances. He was found not guilty.

As for the girls, they left the next day with the echoes of gunfire in their ears and with a tale to tell of death in the street.

The "76" mine, just three-quarters of a mile southeast of Eureka.

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Miners with cart in 1880s.

Old West Transportation

BUT FIRST CAME CARTS

By KONRAD F. SCHREIER JR.
Photos Provided by Author

THERE were many famous western horse-, mule- and ox-drawn outfits: Emigrant wagons, stagecoaches, freight rigs and army wagons. Before these four-wheel outfits could be used they had to have something approaching a road.

There were also carts. These were small, two-wheel rigs pulled by one or two animals. A cart can go practically any place the animals pulling it can walk. They could follow any trail so long as the trees were far enough apart.

Except for saying it was before 1800, nobody's figured out just when the first carts trailed into the West. Two kinds of carts appeared in the West and nobody has figured out which kind came first.

One type was the Mexican ox cart called by its Spanish name *carreta.* The other was the French Canadian horse or "Red River cart," so-called because of where it was first used. Both of these carts were used west of the Mississippi River before 1800. How much before is anybody's guess.

Both the *carreta* and the Red River cart were very simply made. Both were of wood, even in their wheels, and were held together by wood pins and rawhide. Neither had any iron in it. The big difference was that the Red River cart was pulled by one horse, and the *carreta* was pulled by a pair of oxen.

The *carreta* came into the West by way of west Texas and New Mexico. It didn't come very fast for the best one could travel in a *carreta* was fifteen miles a day. But it became a common sight from Texas to California.

The *carreta* was a crude rig, but it could do a lot of work. Old-timers said you could always tell when one was nearby because their clumsy solid wood

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wheels made a terrible screech even if their axles were greased with tallow.

The first Red River carts used in the West were similar to the *carreta* and even had solid wood wheels. They were, however, improved by the use of spoked wheels. By the time they were traveling the wilderness to the fur trader rendezvous of the 1830s, they were good rigs.

In the 1840s, civilized ways caught up with western cart makers and iron-bound wagon wheels replaced the all-wood types. Carts began to be built using iron and bolts, and some even had iron axles.

When American pioneers began going west in the 1830s, carts were part of their "wagon trains." The first immigrant train to California took a party of 69 men, women and children. John Bidwell, one of the party, who wrote about it said it included several carts as well as wagons. This train used horses, mules and oxen to pull their rigs and it took six months to trail from Westport Landing (Kansas City) to California's San Joaquin Valley. That figures out to about 2,000 miles at 13 miles per day with one day's rest a week.

Some of the poorest people who set out on the trek west, including the Mormons of 1856, pushed and pulled their possessions in hand carts. The Mormons pushed carts all the way from the Mississippi to Salt Lake City, and that's some walk. Although successful, many members of the handcart companies perished in early winter storms in Wyoming.

Even though carts were not, and still aren't, a popular vehicle, they were used all over the West. Freighters used them on many famous trails like the Santa Fe and the Oregon, until roads were improved to allow the passage of wagons.

The U.S. Army's supply trains used carts until the soldiers made trails into wagon roads. The Army converted many trails in the West into roads. The cart was about their favorite working rig for doing the job. Carts were used by about every railroad, town and mine builder who worked the West.

It is true that most old-time westerners thought using a cart — any kind of a cart — was about as fashionable as riding a mule with an English saddle, but they still did use them. It is also true that westerners liked to do things first class when they could, but, in the right time and place, both westerners and carts are downright practical.

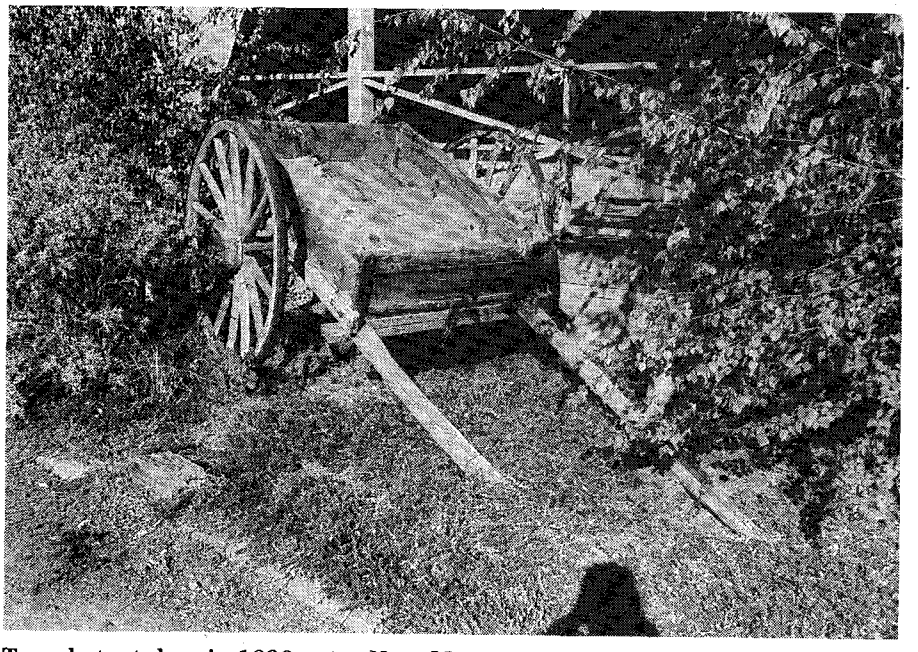
One thing hard to figure is why the very practical "road carts" — passenger carts — weren't used much in the West. Road carts were popular in the East, but they seldom show up in western photographs or are mentioned in recollections.

Western wagon and carriage builders didn't offer road carts and westerners favored the four wheel light buggies and buckboards. Perhaps the reason was that Westerners considered carts an inexpensive and unfashionable rig.

A cart cost much less than a four-wheel wagon because it had fewer parts. Even its harness was simpler and cost less. Carts were actually easier to drive than four wheel outfits.

The *carreta* and the Red River carts pretty much died out in the 1870s. The *carreta* was finished when the ox team became unpopular as a draft animal in the West. The last true Red River carts were used by buffalo hunting outfits in the '70s.

Carts, however, could still be found any place in the West. One common kind found all over was the water cart and it wasn't much more than a cart frame with big water barrel on it. These were used by those living far from water



Top photo, taken in 1890s at a New Mexico pueblo, shows carreta pulled by oxen. Above is an old-time western dump cart shown neglected in the yard of the Mariposa, California, historical society museum.

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This Frederic Remington illustration of Red River carts shows the improved vehicle as used in the 1840s. Note unusual construction of the wheels which were made of iron.

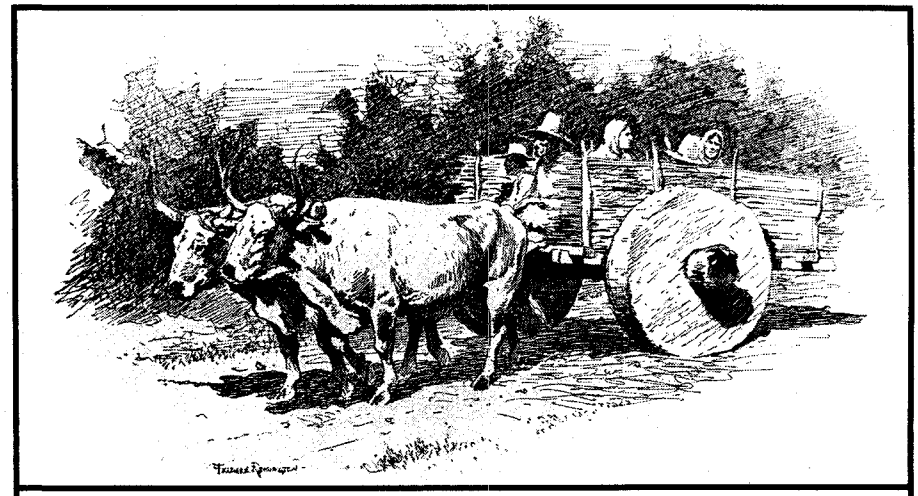
until water was piped in.

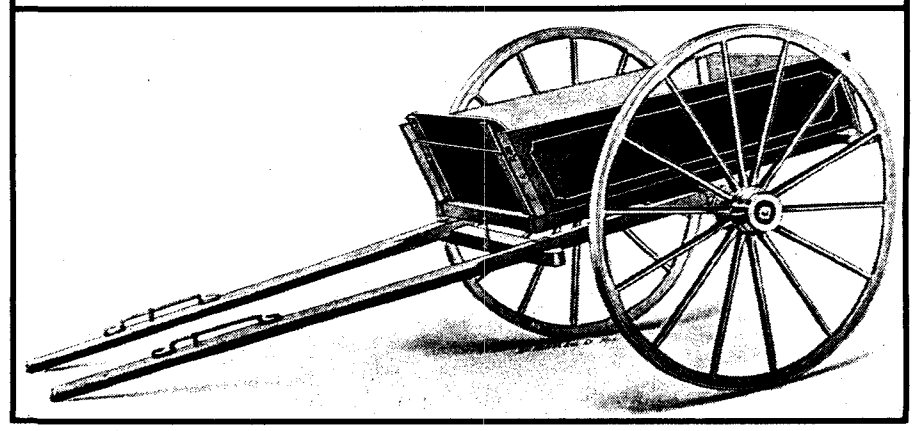
Another cart seen all over the West until motor trucks came in was the dump cart. This cart had its body set on its frame so it could dump from the back. It came into use before the Civil War. In the West, railroad grading contractors and road builders used carts by the hundreds. The Army used them at all its posts.

Everybody used carts to haul livestock feed and garbage. Coal was used for fuel in many places in the West, and it was often delivered in carts. So was fire wood. Any way you look at it, a cart was a useful, if unfashionable, rig.

Carts rattled, creaked and squeaked around the West until the reliable motor truck of about 1910 appeared on the scene. The best a cart could do was three or four miles an hour and even the first trucks could do ten or fifteen. Carts hung on in the West until after World War I. There were still a few in use as late as World War II!

Even though the cart was one of the most important rigs in the Old West, they are the rarest of antique outfits today. They were used by the thousands and then they creaked into history, all but forgotten today.





Above, Frederic Remington's drawing of a California carreta which still exists. Bottom picture, a typical dump cart of the 1880s and 1890s.

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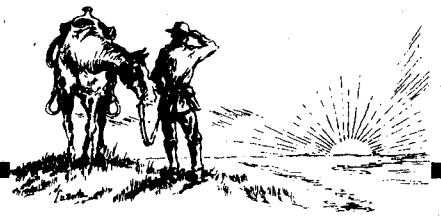
Trails Grown Dim



Horses 'Pulled' in Trophies

I am trying to locate descendants of James Izzard (1878-1906) and his wife, Maude Freeman. James was born in Canada and came to Cedarville, Michigan with his parents, Daniel and Agnes Bush Izzard, about 1890.

His brothers were Nelson, William, Fred, George and Frank. Shortly after James died, Maude and the children — Frank, David, Loyal, Ellen and Edith — went out west, and she never kept in touch with anyone back in Michigan.

As the children were born before 1906, the possibility exists that none of the children are now living, so perhaps it will be grandchildren that I am looking for.

The Izzards were all interested in horses and participated in contests where horses were used for pulling heavy loads. One of them had a shelf full of trophies he won in "pulling contests." **— Clifford J. Izzard, Rt. 1, Box 130, Superior, WI 54880.**

Lyle-Dalton-Bramlett Bailey-Kilgore-Hunt

I am trying to find other family members of the following: Clairborne Barton Dalton and Elizabeth Weatherford; Thomas Isham Dalton and Elizabeth G. Lyle; Thomas Bird Dalton and Nancy Lorenia Lyle; Thomas Bird Dalton, Jr. and Emma Kilgore.

Senaus Bramlett, born in Georgia, married Willis Soloman Kilgore. They had one child, Emma. Does anyone know anything about the family of Senaus Bramlett?

Louis Kilgore had seven children by his first wife. What was her name and what was his second wife's name? Who were Louis' brothers and sisters? Emma Kilgore married Thomas B. Dalton, Jr. They had three daughters.

I am also seeking information on Autrey M. Dalton who married John Henry Bailey. John was born in Moody, Texas. What were his parents' names? Did he have brothers and sisters? **— Mrs. R.L. Sullivan, Box 82, Oak Creek, CO 80467.**

Marshall

Charles P. Marshall was born September 8, 1835 in Concord, Lewis County, Kentucky. He married Hannah Williams on October 10, 1854 and his first son, Edgar Y. Marshall, was born December 25, 1855 in Camargo, Illinois. They had nine more children born in Iowa.

Charles was employed by the Burlington Railroad. About 1879 he worked for the Santa Fe Railroad in Kansas and southeastern Colorado. Both Charles and Edgar retired from the Santa Fe in La Junta, Colorado and are buried there. Charles was a pioneer in La Junta, incorporated as a city in 1881. **— Kathy Marshall, 3521 Walnut Lane, Pueblo, CO 81005.**

Pilcher-Anderson-Greer

I would like to find information on my aunt, Addie Lee Anderson, born about 1878 in Union Parish, Louisiana. She was the daughter of Joseph H. Anderson and Melissa Greer and married Jim Pilcher near Natchitiches or at Provencal, Louisiana about 1892.

Addie had a brother, Van G., and a sister, Laura V. Jim Pilcher was born in Jackson Parish, Louisiana about 1875. He was the son of Thomas Pilcher and his wife, M.A. (last name unknown), and he had brothers Rufus and John and a sister, Dollie.

Addie Lee Anderson and Jim Pilcher are said to have removed to Texas shortly after their marriage about 1892. I would like to know where they lived and the names of their children. I have Anderson and Greer data to exchange with correspondents. **— Mrs. R.D. Wells, 4063 Prescott Road, Memphis, TN 38118.**

Callaway-Powell-Godwin

Rev. Joseph Callaway, born January 12, 1800 in Georgia, married a woman named Temperance, born circa 1805 in Georgia. When and where did they marry? Who were her parents? Their children were Elisha, Sarah, Joshua, Camilla and Samantha.

Sarah A. Damaris was born circa 1830 and married Hope P. Powell. When and where did they marry? Joshua K., born September 2, 1834, was killed at Missionary Ridge in 1863. He married Dulcinea Baker. Their son, Joseph J., was born in January 1862 and married Ophelia Pierce on December 6, 1885, in Hays County, Texas. Who were her parents?

Camilla M.L. was born circa 1838 and Samantha M. was born February 18, 1841. Samantha's first husband was Joseph J. Chancey. When and where did he die? Samantha then married Andrew Jackson Melton. I need dates of both marriages and names of parents of both husbands.

In all cases I need Bible records. I would like to contact my descendants of these people. **— Mrs. H.K. Lyon, P.O. Box 183, Fischer, TX 78623.**

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient. If possible, please type your query; if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places. Please limit letters to 150 words or less. Photos are welcome. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

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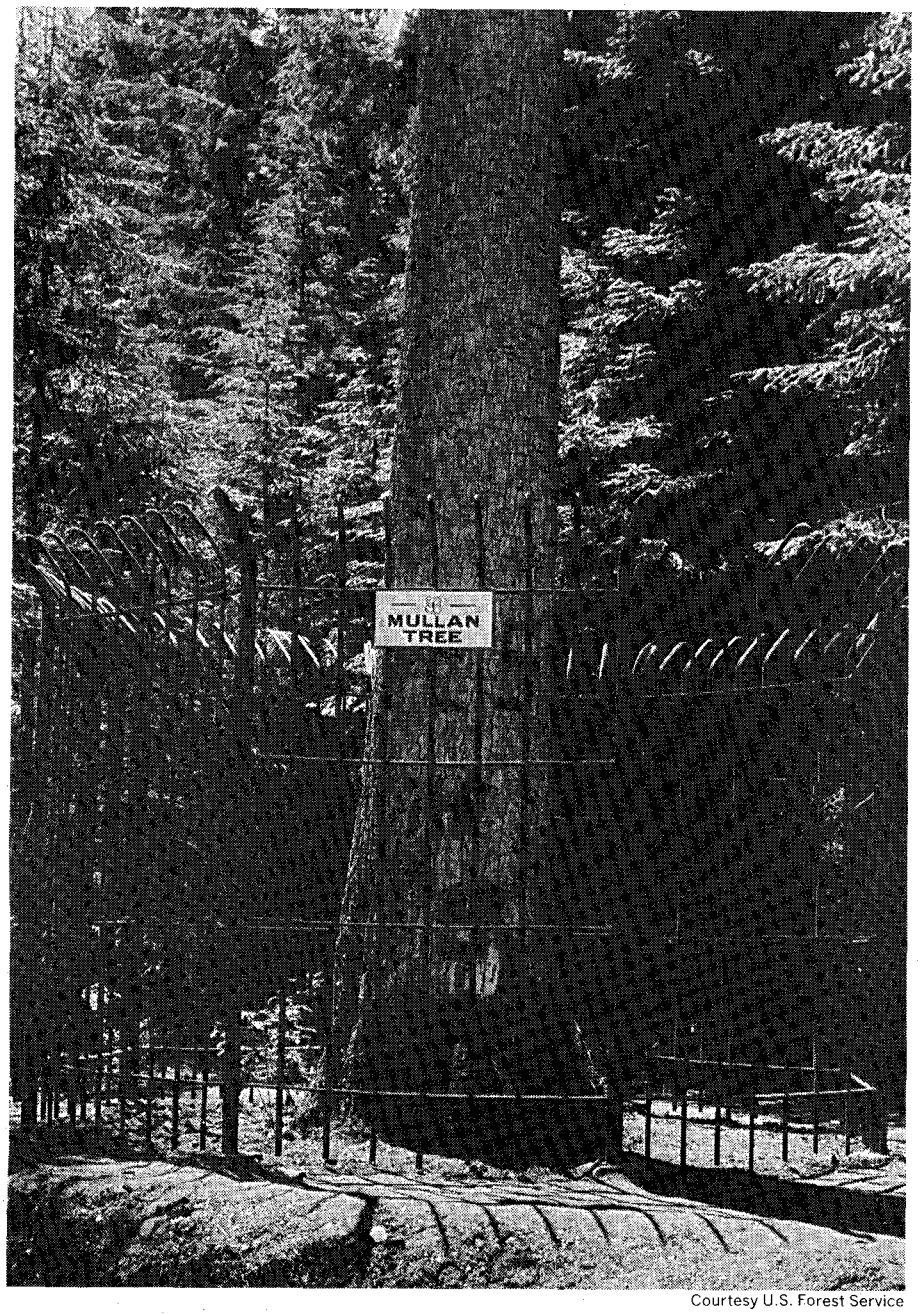
The Northwest's

FIRST INTERSTATE HIGHWAY

The Mullan Road Crossed the Northern Rockies Linking Walla Walla with Fort Benton



Courtesy U.S. Forest Service

The Mullan Tree, Fourth of July Canyon, in northern Idaho.

By DON MILLER

WHEN we think of an interstate highway, we think of speeding autos and ribbons of pavement. But the Northwest's first interstate highway had no autos, no pavement, no filling stations along the way.

The Mullan Road did have rest stops, it crossed several states, it was built to engineering principals, it had hundreds of bridges and a traveler could make better time across it than any alternative route.

Lieutenant John Mullan built it, the first wagon road across the Rocky Mountains, linking Fort Walla Walla in Washington Territory with Fort Benton in Montana Territory. In contrast, the well-known Oregon and Santa Fe trails were just that: Trails.

Engineers today worry about how long construction projects take. They should complain. John Mullan took ten years. His experience with the project began on September 30, 1853, at Fort Owen, Montana. There he met Washington Territorial Governor Isaac Stevens. Stevens was impressed with the young officer from the Second Artillery, and a West Point graduate.

The governor ordered the lieutenant and thirteen men to make a preliminary survey of possible routes for a wagon road across the Continental Divide between the head of Missouri Navigation at Fort Benton, and Fort Walla Walla on the Columbia River, just up from the mouth of the Walla Walla River. This was the point on the Columbia nearest to inland Idaho and Montana.

Mullan and his charges established

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Cantonment Stevens — named for Governor Stevens — about ten miles south of Fort Owen in preparation for an expected early, long winter in the Bitterroot Valley. The cantonment was the first army establishment in Montana.

The quarters consisted of four log cabins built on the corners of a rectangle connected with a rail fence. The winter of 1853-54 was mild and Mullan affectionately called the Bitterroot the "Land of Eternal Spring."

During the winter, the Virginia-born officer and his men recorded meterological and astronomical data. Though short of stature, Mullan had the reputation of being long on observation of flora, fauna and people. For example, he said this of mules: "...you will be repaid by their docility and easy management" if they are handled "as you would a woman with kindness, affection, and caresses."

In March 1854, Mullan journeyed to Fort Benton and recovered a wagon left there the preceeding autumn. He returned with it to the Bitterroot Valley, crossing mountains along a snow-clogged Indian trail to impress Congress with the feasibility of establishing a route across the Rockies.

But Indian hostilities in the territory delayed the authorization for road building and it wasn't until 1855 that a piddling $30,000 was appropriated for construction of a military wagon road to transport troops through the Northwest and to bring supplies for a projected Northern Pacific railroad to link the nation. However, it wasn't until 1858 that enough money — $100,000 — was authorized to begin building the road.

IN spring 1859, Mullan and his crew of 90 with a 140-man military escort started construction at Walla Walla. The crew rapidly moved over prairie and rolling hills building bridges, grading and constructing ferry boats to cross the Snake, St. Joseph, and Coeur d' Alene rivers.

In the St. Joseph Valley, they encountered delays while corduroying several swamps. They were forced to hack their way through heavy timber.

Within six weeks the crew had covered 200 miles and reached the Coeur d' Alene Mission of the Sacred Heart, the only settlement along the route in North Idaho.

East of the mission the road-building crew encountered dense forests and high mountains. It was described as 100 miles "covering spurs, ridges, gullies, ravines, canyons, hills, and every other kind of mountain formation."

But the expedition plugged on using horse teams, improvised road scrapers and "stone boats" equipped with sled runners to move earth and timber. On Dec. 4, they reached the canyon of the St. Regis-Borgia River.

They wintered there and built Cantonment Jordan. Mullan ordered his starving horse herd to be taken to the Bitterroot Valley — 100 miles away — to recover. He kept his men busy cutting and hauling wood, repairing equipment and harnesses and acting as couriers and sentries.

Many of the expedition's horses died of exposure during the harsh winter and the crew slaughtered most of the cattle for food. However, when spring broke Mullan bought 117 replacement horses from Flathead Indians and hired 20 of their strongest young men to transport 11,000 rations to his crew from Fort Benton.

By May Mullan and his crew had toiled for six weeks on a 30-mile stretch of the military road. Most construction went smoothly, but two workers received injuries from premature powder explosions while blasting rock.

By June they had built 60 more miles of road and arrived at Hell Gate near present-day Missoula, Montana. In July the crew pushed across Mullan Pass on the Continental Divide and emerged at Prickly Pear Valley near Helena. From there they moved to the Missouri River via the Bird Tail Rock and thence to the Sun River.

The expedition arrived at Fort Benton where they found Major George Blake and 300 troops waiting. Mullan earlier estimated the road would be completed in August and requested the War Department send recruits by river steamer to Fort Benton from where he could conduct them to garrisons in Washington and Oregon.

The troops reached Walla Walla 57 days later. It was estimated the journey saved the government $30,000 by using this route. The detachment made history as it was the first to use the military road over its entire length.

IN 1861, Congress appropriated another $100,000 to continue improvements on the road. Lieutenant Mullan organized a party at Walla Walla and was given an adequate military escort. They built bridges, removed fallen timber, cleared landslides and made other repairs as they threaded east.

On July 4, the expedition was in a thick cedar forest at the head of an

Above, John Mullan. Below, one of two statues of Mullan in Missoula, Montana.

Courtesy of Author

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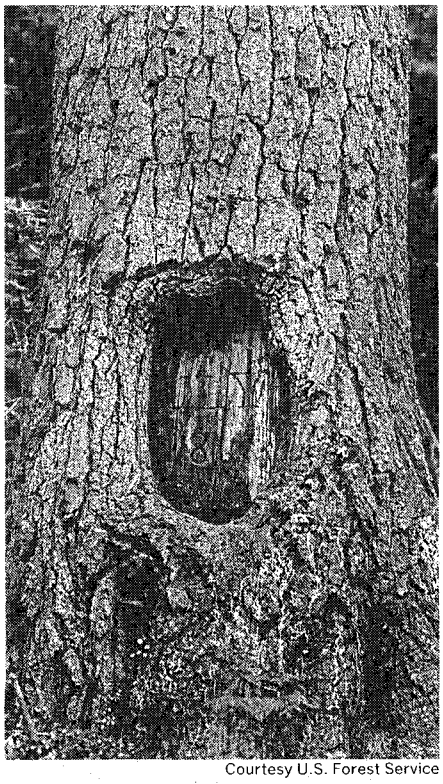
unnamed canyon in northern Idaho. The young lieutenant suspended work and everyone celebrated the Fourth of July. Expedition members shot off so much powder and rifle rounds that Indians who had been molesting them periodically apparently thought the mob had gone insane and permanently left them alone considering them to be "bad medicine."

Secretary of War Jefferson Davis had ordered Mullan to mark trees at frequent intervals with the initials "M.R." for "Military Road." This Mullan did at what he called Fourth-of-July Canyon and elsewhere. The "M.R." initials were popularly thought to stand for "Mullan Road" rather than "Military Road," and so the name "Mullan Road" stuck.

The crew pushed on to the confluence of the Big Blackfoot and Clark Fork rivers seven miles east of Missoula. Here they built winter quarters called Cantonment Wright in honor of General George Wright.

They spent the winter of 1861-62 building a bridge across the Big Blackfoot River and constructing grades in Hell Gate Canyon. The weather was so severe that the men could not always perform their duties. Half of the crew cut and hauled wood while the other half huddled around the fires.

WHEN spring arrived Lieutenant Mullan again replenished his horse herd with Indian ponies and headed for Fort Benton to put the finishing touches on his road.



Courtesy U.S. Forest Service

This tree near Burns Summit on the Mullan Trail was marked as a monument on July 4, 1861, by Captain Mullan, U.S. Army.

At Fort Benton Mullan paid part of his crew and he and the remainder trekked to Walla Walla where in August 1862, the road-builders were disbanded.

On Aug. 11, 1862, Mullan was promoted to captain primarily because of his road-building efforts.

The 624-mile-long road had been completed. It was generally 25 to 30 feet wide. Total cost came to $230,000 or less than $369 per mile.

But the road was little used for military purposes. Relatively few travelers and settlers used the road. Perhaps 300 emigrants used the road in 1862.

The Mullan Road was not maintained so travelers found it necessary to rebuild parts washed out by floods and obstructed by landslides, slide rock and fallen trees.

The North Idaho section of the road was the most difficult to maintain. The road crossed the St. Regis River 46 times and there were 28 crossings of the Coeur d' Alene River. There were 125 miles of heavy forest frequently clogged with extensive downfall. Soon after the road was completed in 1862, it fell into disrepair because of hard winters, storms and floods.

In 1863, traveler Henry Cummins reported that the Mullan Road in Idaho was washed out by mountain streams. He and his party found the river so high at the mission in Idaho that they had to employ Indians to take their baggage across in canoes.

Cummins and his group made 69 crossings of the Coeur d' Alene River. More than half of the road's bridges were washed out. In places the river ran for miles along the road and they were forced to wade their horses in knee-deep water.

In 1865, the road was used briefly by boomers from California, Oregon, Washington and Idaho headed for the Montana gold fields.

Captain Mullan resigned his commission in May 1863, married, and turned to ranching near Walla Walla. Later he gave that up and established a stage line beween Chico, California and Ruby City, Idaho. He lost that business and went $12,000 in debt. But he became an attorney in San Francisco. From there he went to Washington, D.C., in 1878, where he continued to practice law almost until he died on Dec. 28, 1909, at age 80.

Mullan was honored by the Northern Pacific Railroad which drove its golden spike at track completion ceremonies at Gold Creek, Montana, in August 1883. Ironically the Northern Pacific rails generally did not follow Mullan's route. However, several portions of Interstate 90 snake along the Mullan Road as did the tracks of the now defunct Milwaukee Road.

A living monument to Mullan is the tree that Mullan carved in 1861 in Idaho's Fourth-of-July Canyon.

Several marble statues of the trail-builder stand along the route of the Mullan Road which some partisans still call the area's first interstate highway.

The Preacher Didn't Lie

By LEE CUNNINGHAM
as told to CARROL L. COGBURN

We know that all preachers are honest. Especially when it comes to hoss trading. That's how I was raised anyway. Preacher Harris had a bay hoss that could single-foot all day. He asked me if I would like to trade.

I've always liked to trade whether its pocket knives or hosses, so I said sure. I did ask him, out of habit, if his hoss possessed any bad traits like jumping fences? Certainly not, was his reply, and I felt ashamed for asking.

Well, we traded and it looked like for once I hadn't gotten beaten. BUT. Yeah, there always seems to be a big, ol' ugly BUT in most trades. But this bay I had traded a little pinto for began showing up *outside* my hoss pasture.

Well that preacher said he didn't jump fences so I allowed someone was letting my hoss loose to pester me, so before daylight one morning I eased down to my hoss pasture and hid in some brush to watch. About an hour after daylight that bay hoss commenced to look about and I figured he had seen or scented whoever it was that was coming to let him out.

I checked the load in my twelve gauge. But no one showed up. After walking along the fence a ways, that bay hoss dropped to his knees and *crawled under* my fence. Amen.

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ELISABET NEY: TEXAS' FIRST ARTIST

She was wacky, eccentric, and talented

By JUDY ALTER
Photos Courtesy of Author

ELISABET Ney, hailed as Texas' first artist, was at best a world-renowned sculptor of talent so great that Lorado Taft praised her as one of the "best-equipped women sculptors."

William Henry Holmes, then curator of the National Gallery of Art, wrote in 1920 that her statue of Lady MacBeth was a "superb work, displaying genius of the highest order." But at worst, this sculptor was an eccentric, difficult old lady with a reputation for bizarre dress and behavior.

Born in Germany, Ney arrived in the United States in 1872, when she was nearly 40 and by which time she had acquired fame in Europe. She executed, for instance, the only bust ever done of Bismarck, Germany's "Iron Chancellor." Men such as Schopenhauer and George V of Hanover sat for her. In the male-dominated world of European sculpture, she had achieved success beyond expectation.

But, seeking freedom from the demands of court life, she left for America where she and her husband settled briefly in an experimental colony in the East. When that failed, mostly because intellectual freedom seekers were not practical farmers, Ney and her husband moved to Texas and purchased Liendo, a plantation near Hempstead, north of Houston.

Elisabet Ney was not a hit with her Texas neighbors who neither knew nor cared about her artistic ability. She managed to offend them in every way. She wore no wedding ring and refused to take her husband's name, although records in Europe documented that she was properly married.

But the good folk of Waller County, variously known as the Hell Hole of Texas and Six-Shootin' Junction, saw

Elisabet Ney in her later years.

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The famous sculpture of Lady MacBeth which Ney could only look at a few moments daily.

only that she lived in sin with the tall Scotsman, Edmund Montgomery, and that they had two apparently illegitimate sons.

Local sensibilities were further outraged by her heavy German accent, her disdain for their customs and people, and her strange outfits. She dressed either in flowing Grecian gowns or in white trousers with knee-boots and a flowing black coat.

Hempstead's outrage reached its zenith when her eldest son, her beloved "Arti," died and was given no funeral. Word spread that she herself had burned the body instead of giving it a Christian burial and that she had made a death mask of the child.

Klansmen were ready to ride, restrained only by her lawyers in town who convinced them that Ney had, at great personal sacrifice, burned the body of her child to prevent the spread of diphtheria and that she was indeed legitimately married to the child's father.

The lawyers did not explain that she had sworn never to use her married name and had forbidden her husband to tell even her children they were married. She considered marriage an unjustified subjection of a woman to a man.

DURING her years at Liendo, Elisabet Ney busied herself trying, without success, to run a plantation while Montgomery spent his hours working on a philosophical treatise which would answer the question: "What is Life?"

For the famous European sculptor, there was a 20-year hiatus in her career. When she finally returned to art, she was no longer the vibrant and beautiful woman who had been the delight and scandal of European courts. She was, instead, an eccentric old woman. Still, she made major contributions to the arts in Texas.

Ney's return to sculpture came about as a result of a visit to Liendo by Oren Milo Roberts, later governor of the state, who remembered her and sat for a bust. Through his influence, she won a major commission in 1891: She was to do statues of Sam Houston and Stephen F. Austin for exhibition at the Chicago Exposition of 1983. There would be no payment but materials would be provided.

Nothing would do then but that she move to Austin which she saw as the center of whatever civilization there was in Texas. Ney had not gotten over her scornful attitude toward her Hempstead neighbors, nor had they accepted her strange ways any better. But in Austin, eccentricity won her valuable and influential friends.

Still dressing in bloomers and outlandish outfits, she finagled, for a song, a piece of property in the desirable Hyde Park section and pitched a tent while her studio was being built. The tent, filled with Oriental shawls and tapestries which she had brought from Liendo, was as much a local curiosity as its occupant. Here she received Austin's most influential citizens.

The studio was called "Formosa," after a studio where she worked years earlier in Greece. It was completed in 1891, when Ney was 59 years old. Grecian in design, it boasted an upper room that could be reached only by a ladder, a basement kitchen, and other uncoventional living arrangements which took second place to a well-lit main studio. There she could work.

THE statues of Houston and Austin were a success. Side-stepping the then-current controversy over whether to dress subjects in traditional Roman toga or contemporary stove-pipe hat and flowing coat, she put Houston in uniform and Austin in a buckskin hunting outfit, cradling a rifle and holding a map of Texas.

Both works were displayed in the Texas Building at the exposition where Elisabet Ney was also on view, dressed in shirt, breeches and riding boots. Word of the eccentric artist's personal appearance spread, and she attracted a huge crowd. The directors of the Fine Arts Building requested the statues be moved to their building but the women of Texas refused to let go of their prize. This worked to Ney's disadvantage in that she remained a local celebrity rather than gaining a national reputation.

After her Chicago triumph, Ney had enough commissions to produce a modest income. She undertook a series of portraits of Texas heroes, among them Judge Roberts, who had made possible her return to art, and Lawrence Sullivan "Sul" Ross, the hero of the rescue of Cynthia Ann Parker, famed Indian captive. These works, along with another mortgage on Liendo, gave her the funds to return to Germany for a triumphant homecoming that lasted a year and was followed by two more trips before her death.

BACK in Texas, the sculptor enjoyed

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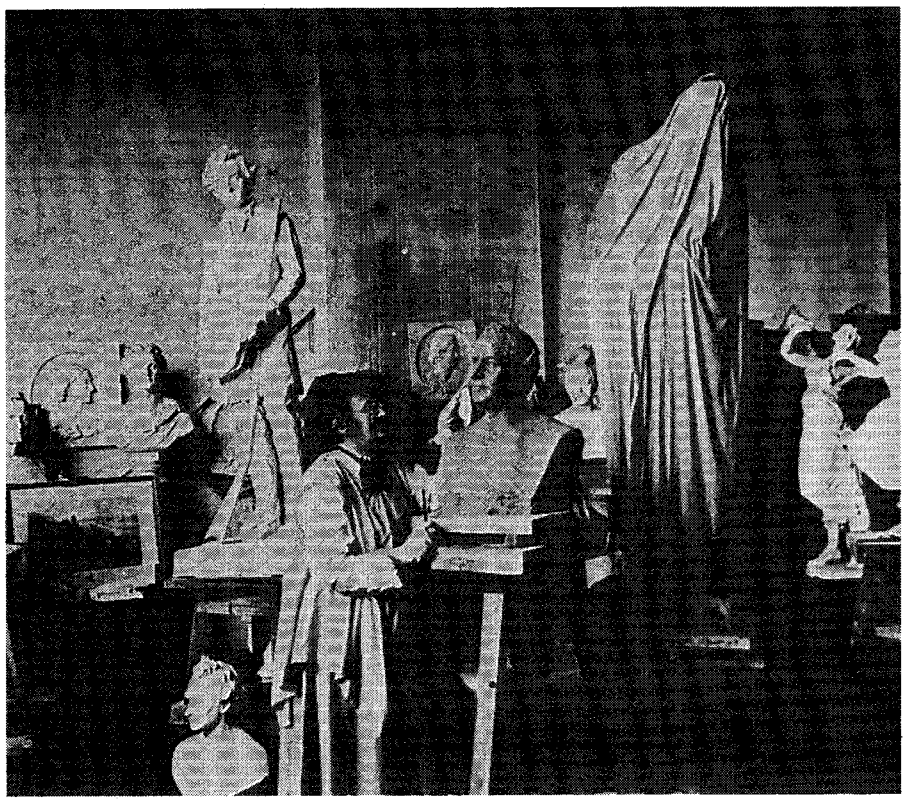

The artist at work in her studio.

an Indian summer of success. The Texas legislature appropriated funds to do the Austin and Houston statues in marble, and today they are in the Texas State Capitol, with copies in the Hall of Fame in Washington, D.C.

When the Hall of Fame curator complained of the discrepancy between the size of the two — Austin a "mere scrap" and Houston towering six-feet-two — she replied that God had made two men and she merely reproduced their likenesses. Any dissatisfaction should be taken up with God.

The appropriation bill also covered future statues she might make and she was commissioned to do a likeness of General Albert Sidney Johnston, the heroic Texas cavalry officer who died in the Battle of Shiloh.

Work at Formosa was interspersed with visits from Texas' most influential folk who had discovered that what seemed bizarre was only understandingly odd and that tea in the sculptor's company was an invitation to be coveted. There were also visitors of international fame, among them Paderewski, Pavlova, Caruso and Madame Schumann-Heink.

During these years, Ney began work on the piece into which she put her heart and which she did for herself, a statue of Lady MacBeth portrayed after the murder of Duncan. A figure of remorse and inner agony, the statue is Ney's masterpiece, so great that she could only bear to look upon it a few minutes daily and kept it covered the rest of the time.

Toward the end of her life, Ney's health failed primarily due to heart trouble. Still, in all weather, she would hitch her horse and cover the 100-mile distance from Austin to Liendo, sometimes stopping in farmhouses where, now a celebrity, she was invariably welcome.

In the spring of 1907, she made her last trip to Liendo, still hoping for a reconciliation with Lorne, her second son who had been long estranged. Back in Austin, after the unsuccessful trip, she was soon confined as an invalid. She died in late June, 1907, and was buried quietly and without ceremony at Liendo. She had spent half her life in America, and yet she was curiously unknown. She was isolated in what, for many ways, was still an alien land to her.

BUT without doubt, she left her imprint on the new land. Formosa was the first building erected in Texas for art. Her work done in that building inspired the first steps toward art education for Texas children.

She was the state's first sculptor and the first artist of international training and reputation to live and work there. Her biography was the first art-related book written and published in Texas, although even today there is virtually no critical study of her work. In 1911, the Elisabet Ney Museum was founded at Formosa. It is maintained by the Texas Fine Arts Association.

Elisabet Ney was a celebrity, an artist of reputation, and yet there lingers about her name the aura of the eccentric, the bizarre lady who delighted in the shockingly unconventional. That contradiction between artistic contribution and personal eccentricity, perhaps unresolvable, characterizes Elisabet Ney's legacy to the people of her second homeland.

Ney's statue of Stephen F. Austin.

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THE CONTROVERSIAL MESQUITE

By CAROLYN NIETHAMMER

IT'S amazing the amount of controversy the mesquite tree has stirred up in the Southwest the last couple of years. Ranchers, disgusted with the trees' take-over habits, have been bulldozing them and spraying them with Vietnam-style herbicides.

Environmentalists, wood gatherers, and bee-keepers have been lobbying to save the trees, lauding them as natural habitats for birds and producers of hard, clean-burning wood and sweet pollen which is attractive to bees.

Scarcely heard above the roar is the voice of a handful of wild food enthusiasts who see the mesquite tree and its bounty of sweet pods as a potential new food crop for water-short farms.

A hundred years ago the mesquite tree was not an issue but a partner in life to the desert Indians. One ethnobotanist called it "an early K-Mart." The tree provided food, fuel, shelter, weapons, tools, fiber, medicine, hair dye and many other practical and aesthetic needs. For the Papago Indians of what is now southern Arizona, it was their dietary staple. They ate mesquite mush twice a day, supplemented by whatever game and plant foods they could gather.

The Papagoes lived well on this diet. Curious as to what part mesquite contributed to their health, a group of botanists affiliated with the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum tested the pods and found some portions high in carbohydrates and the true seed rich in good quality protein.

Encouraged, they began field investigations and discovered that even in the wild, mesquite trees produce an economically acceptable yield per acre of land. Research is stalled at this point, awaiting further funding.

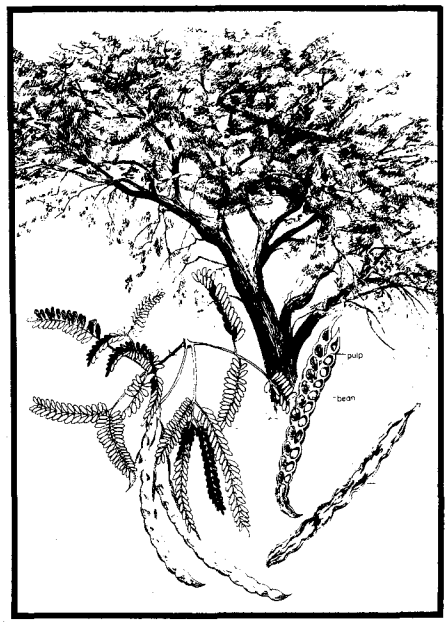
Although not as common elsewhere as in hot deserts, mesquite trees grow from southern Kansas all the way into South America. They even grow on the Island of Hawaii.

Because mesquite belongs to the legume family and because the fruits, straw-colored when ripe, have the shape of a green bean, the pods are often called mesquite "beans" which has caused some misunderstanding in how the fruit is used.

The portion of the pod most easily utilized is the pulp or pith between the brittle outside and the hard seeds. The protein-rich true seed or embryo lies within a stony hard shell that is almost impossible to penetrate with home methods although it is easily cracked with a hammer mill, a common piece of farm equipment.

There are basically two ways of turning brown-sugary tasting mesquite pods into edible food: The wet method and the dry method.

The wet method: Wash and break up mesquite pods until you have four cups. Add twelve cups of water, cover and simmer for an hour until the pods are soft. Let the mixture cool. Wash your hands, plunge them into the mess and wring and tear the pods, releasing all of the sweet material into the broth. (Kids love this.) Swish all the fiber around in the broth, pour off the liquid, and throw out the fiber and seeds. Boil the liquid until it evaporates to 3 cups. Make mesquite shakes.



The mesquite tree and its beans.

The dry method: Mesqite pods have a tendency to soak up any moisture in the atmosphere so toast them in a low oven for 20-30 minutes until they are very dry. Break into small pieces and grind by whizzing ½ cup at a time in a blender. Sift through a wire sieve. Discard fiber. Sometimes a powerful blender will be able to grind a few of the seeds, giving you a higher protein content in your mesquite meal.

RECIPES

Mesquite Ginger Cookies

2-inch piece fresh ginger root
1 cup shortening
1 egg
¾ cup honey
1 cup whole wheat flour
1 cup mesquite
2 teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt

Peel ginger root and grate. Beat together shortening and egg until smooth and fluffy. Add honey and ginger and beat until combined. Add flours, mesquite meal, salt and baking powder and beat well.

Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased cookie sheets. Dampen the corner of a clean tea towel and wrap it around the bottom of a juice glass. Flatten each dab of cookie dough.

Bake in preheated 325 degree oven about 12 minutes or until lightly browned. Makes about four dozen.

Mesquite Shakes

½ cup mesquite broth
½ cup apple juice
½ cup buttermilk, yogurt, or ice cream
½ teaspoon vanilla
sprinkle of cinnamon
1 fruit (banana, peach, apricots or figs)

Add all ingredients to blender jar and whiz until thick and smooth. Serves one.

The proportions in this recipe are not terribly important. Feel free to add more of what you like, take out what you don't like, and add other ingredients not listed.

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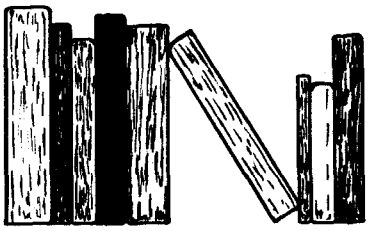

Writer Once Talked to Bees

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, WHITEFISH. *By Dorothy M. Johnson. Mountain Press Publishing Co., Missoula, Montana. $13.95 hardcover.*

It wasn't sex education, writes Dorothy M. Johnson of the physiology class she took as an eighth-grader in Whitefish, Montana. "The only thing I remember from that course was you shouldn't build your privy where it would drain into your well."

Miss Johnson's growing up years in Whitefish, a town on the Great Northern Railway — now part of the Burlington Northern Railroad — are recalled in this book, *When You and I Were Young, Whitefish,* the latest of her many books. She is a prolific writer. Among her best-known stories are *The Hanging Tree* and *A Man Called Horse.* Three motion pictures have been based on her stories. In 1976, she received the Levi Strauss Golden Saddleman Award from the Western Writers of America "for bringing dignity and honor to the history and legends of the West."

Miss Johnson, who lives in Missoula, Montana, writes she was always fond of reading, but the "old poets and preachy prose writers" studied in the Whitefish school used "thee and thou and strange verb forms we never heard in real life. We loved our meadowlarks, but never talked to them like Shelley wrote about a skylark."

She did talk to the bees, though, at Grandma Miller's direction. News had come that World War I was over. "There is an obligation to tell the bees about important events. Otherwise they won't thrive, Grandma explained." So dutifully Dorothy went outside to where the bees had been put to bed for the winter in their hives. She walked along the row of silent hives, speaking politely: "The war is over." Taking for granted that some of the bees were listening, she went back into the house.

In the colorful, make-every-word-count style for which Miss Johnson is noted, she injects nostalgia and humor into this account of her young years. She has become so identified with Montana she admits to some embarrassment at having been born in McGregor, Iowa, but she notes she was a baby when her parents brought her to Great Falls and later moved to Whitefish while she was still young.

In perhaps her funniest chapter, "Confessions of a Telephone Girl," she recalls how a stuffed-shirt manager made the lone operator act as a separate information operator. The girls at the switchboard were used to just telling local callers the numbers they asked for. But the new manager wanted it done like the big city. So the operators — Miss Johnson was one — had to pause after getting an information request, come back on the line and say, "this is your information operator." Then the caller had to repeat the request. After giving the number, the operator would go off the line, pause and come back on and say, "number please."

"Teenagers didn't monopolize telephones," Miss Johnson writes. "Teenagers hadn't even been invented back in the early 1920s. There were just big kids, little kids and babies."

She recalls that telephone operators — called "Central" back then — did a lot of little things the dial system won't do. "If a brakeman's wife, expecting the doctor to phone because the baby was sick, asked us to ring lightly because Henry had to catch some sleep before going out on his run, we rang lightly."

There were times when the roundhouse whistle wailed over and over "and we braced ourselves for a flood of calls because that signal called out the wrecker. Somewhere, east or west, a train was in bad trouble. Men might be hurt, might be dying."

She writes that "frantic wives phoned, demanding the dispatcher's office, wanting to know in which direction that wrecked train was. But everybody who might know was busy getting a crew together."

They couldn't answer such calls. All the telephone operators could do was "help the women worry. A dial system can't even do that."

Miss Johnson's book is a love letter to her home town. It's sure to strike a responsive chord in the minds of readers who have memories of their home towns tucked away in their hearts.

— Kathryn Wright
Billings, Montana

DESTROYING THE SIOUX

FORT LARAMIE AND THE SIOUX. *By Remi Nadeau. University of Nebraska Press, 901 N. 17th St., Lincoln, NE 68588. 1982 (Reprint of book published originally by Prentice-Hall, 1967). 337 pp. $8.95 soft cover.*

There's more to this book than a history of Fort Laramie or a story of the Sioux Indians. It's a powerful, moving account of the treatment the Indians received at the hands of white men and the United States government.

Nadeau presents factual evidence portraying atrocities committed by both sides in this American tragedy. The author follows the development of Fort Laramie, in Wyoming Territory, from its origination as Fort William in 1834 by William Sublette, to its closing in 1890, and skillfully interweaves the fate of the Sioux Indians.

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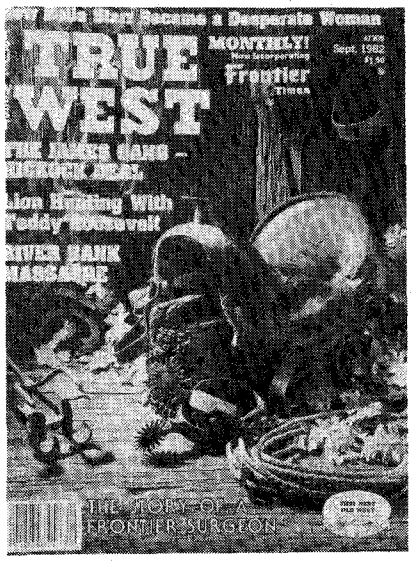

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At first the Indians were friendly and, though they harassed emigrants, they were kept in check by fear of the Great Father's soldiers. By 1843, so many wagons were rolling by the fort that one of the Oglala chiefs pointed to the East and asked if there were still any whites remaining there.

The fort was sold to the U. S. Army in 1849 by the American Fur Company. The gold rush to California was on. In an effort to prevent serious trouble, the greatest Indian council in history was held at Fort Laramie in September 1851. Some 10,000 Indians and 300 whites took part. As a result of the treaty signed there, each tribe had certain territories. The Indians were to turn to "agricultural pursuits" although they could hunt and fish throughout their territories.

The U. S. Senate changed the terms of the treaty although senators raised annual payments to the tribes. This was one of many treaties made and broken which resulted in giving the Indians less and less land.

Pony Express riders began carrying mail on April 3, 1860, and the first telegraph line across the Great Plains was completed on Oct. 23, 1861. The Indians became more destitute and desperate.

More troops were sent to Fort Laramie and more forts were built. Battles became more frequent and bloodier. Ironically, the Indians greatly outnumbered the soldiers at first, but neither they nor the troops appeared to recognize that fact. The Indians were good military strategists, but consistently withdrew when they had the upper hand.

Nadeau's research provides an understanding of events covering a half century during which the destruction of the Sioux as a powerful warring nation was accomplished.

— Willah Weddon
Stockbridge, Michigan

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WESTERN FILMS: A COMPLETE GUIDE. *By Brian Garfield. Rawson Associates, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017. 386 pp. $24.95 hardbound.*

The great joy in reading this book is that it is so easy to disagree with it. In fact, it absolutely demands disagreement. Any reader of this quirky, pithy, iconoclastic encyclopedia who agrees with everything in it has to be a clone of author Brian Garfield.

Garfield's credentials go far beyond impeccable. It would be impossible to name a writer more qualified to write this personal analysis of "A" feature films, from "Abilene Town" to "Zandy's Bride." A decade went into the research; 2,000 films are covered.

A superb writer, Garfield is author of novels like *Death Sentence, Hopscotch* and *Recoil.* He has written some top-drawer western novels, including *Wild Times* (1978), often counted among the finest westerns in the history of the genre. He is a former president of Western Writers of America and he has a long association with film-making including writing film scripts, producing films and even acting in one (film version of *Wild Times).*

The first 100 pages is a thoroughly splendid history of the western film. In this provocative section can be found some of Garfield's theories on the western, some things he admires and some that distress him. He gives credit to Gary Cooper by saying "He died without having to deny the morality he'd represented on the screen for more than 30 years." He confesses impatience

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"whenever I encountered the sort of mind that holds 'Little Big Man' to be anything more than a pretentious arty work of distasteful parody . . . anachronistic, dishonest and clumsily heavy-footed."

Since Garfield states his is a book "of personal opinion," it makes it difficult to fault the book. But since a reviewer's work is mostly educated opinion anyway, I offer a few opinions of Garfield's opinions on western films.

Garfield's use of the word "oater" ought to be reserved exclusively for the "B" western and not for "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" or "The Outlaw Josey Wales."

Garfield's hernia-making search for flaws in such standard classics as "Shane" and "True Grit" is itself a flaw. Of "Shane" he writes that "the calculated contrived perfection militates against its integrity." I say bushwah.

Garfield overdoes his savaging of John Wayne's "The Alamo," one of the most often reviled western films. The film still grandly entertains. Garfield also is in error in saying of Wayne's "Chisum" that John Chisum had nothing to do with the Lincoln County War. In fact, Chisum ran 80,000 head of cattle through his Pecos River, New Mexico, spread in the 1870s, was known as the Cow King of New Mexico and when rustlers relieved him of more than 10,000 head of stock, he got involved in the Lincoln County War.

This is the most disputatious, outrageous, raucous and plain ornery polemic on western films that has ever been done; also the most honest, courageous, contagious, impassioned and interesting account of western films that has ever been written.

— Dale L. Walker
El Paso, Texas

OILMAN'S COLLECTION

REMINGTON & RUSSELL, THE SID RICHARDSON COLLECTION. *By Brian W. Dipple. University of Texas Press, Box 7819, Austin, TX 78712. 188 pp. $29.95 hardbound.*

Back in the early 1940s, when cowboy art was still considered tacky and the cognosenti hadn't yet realized how much money could be made from it, good old Sid Richardson decided to spend some of his Texas oil-cattle-land wealth on art he liked, western paintings.

He threw the prestigious Newhouse Galleries of New York into something of a tizzy when he asked them to make a collection of western paintings for him — price was no object. He was especially interested in the works of Frederic Remington and Charles M. Russell.

"Anybody can paint a horse on four legs," he used to say, "but it takes a real eye to paint them in violent motion. All parts of the horse must be in proper position, and Remington and Russell are the fellows who can do it."

He also bought paintings by some other western artists who knew a thing or two about horses, among them, Peter Moran, Charles Schreyvogel, William Robinson Leith and Oscar E. Berninghous. The last plate in the book shows a portrait of Richardson himself painted by Peter Hurd.

The author is an associate professor of history at the University of Victoria, British Columbia. He's written *Paper Talk, Charlie Russell's American West,* among other things. His comments on Richardson and the collection are informative and candid.

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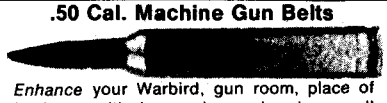

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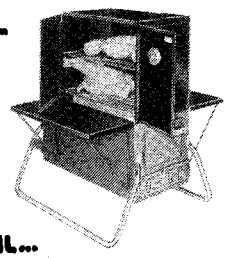

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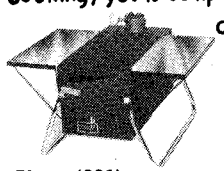

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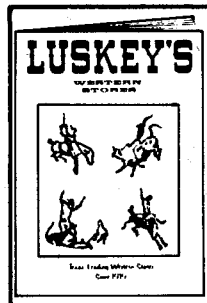

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legs that are too long or when he repeats himself as he did in "Apache Medicine Song," and "Troopers Singing the Indian Medicine Song," Dipple says so. He does not try to correct Charles Russell's spelling.

Dipple points out that Edwin Willard Deming wasn't always a careful draftsman and that Charles Schreyvogel's cowboys nearly always wear red shirts. He mentions Frank Tenny Johnson's "deep unacknowledged debt to Remington." Nevertheless, readers will find much to admire in Sid Richardson and his collection of western art as they are presented in this book.

— Fern Lyon
Los Alamos, New Mexico

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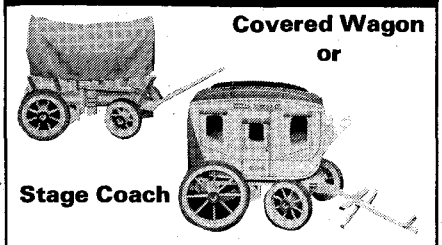

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GUNMAN BOOKLET

BARNEY RIGGS, A WEST TEXAS GUNMAN. *By Bill C. James. Printed by Henington Publishing Co., Wolfe City, Texas. Order from Bill C. James, 1616 Francis, Carrollton, TX 75006. 24 pp. Limited (200 copies), autographed edition. $5.80.*

Barney Riggs, a relatively unknown gunhandler, has not received the attention he deserves. So it is good to see this product of research.

In this case, the historian's problem is not wading through mountains of secondary accounts, but rather finding enough information.

James earned recognition from his previous biography of gunman Jim Miller. Riggs' best-known shooting involved his killing two of Miller's associates, Denson and Earhart. Perhaps the Riggs booklet originated as a spinoff from the Miller biography.

The research is thorough. James has delved into court records and he has had access to the valuable files of Clayton Williams, who knew Riggs and preserved a great deal of Texas history. The book includes five photos.

James' writing is tight and facts are presented clearly. Opinions are based on evidence. Some may feel this is a weakness, but for those who just want the facts, there can be no complaint. Since this is a limited edition, the supply is surely soon to be exhausted.

— Chuck Parsons
Silver Lake, Minnesota

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

FAMOUS GUNFIGHTERS OF THE WESTERN FRONTIER. *By W. B. (Bat) Masterson, annotated and illustrated by Jack DeMattos. Weatherford Press, 10902 Woods Creek Road, Monroe, WA 98272.*

This book, reviewed in January TRUE WEST, was listed at $75 for the leather-bound collector's edition limited to 100 copies. Omitted was the cost of a regular hardbound edition, $19.95.

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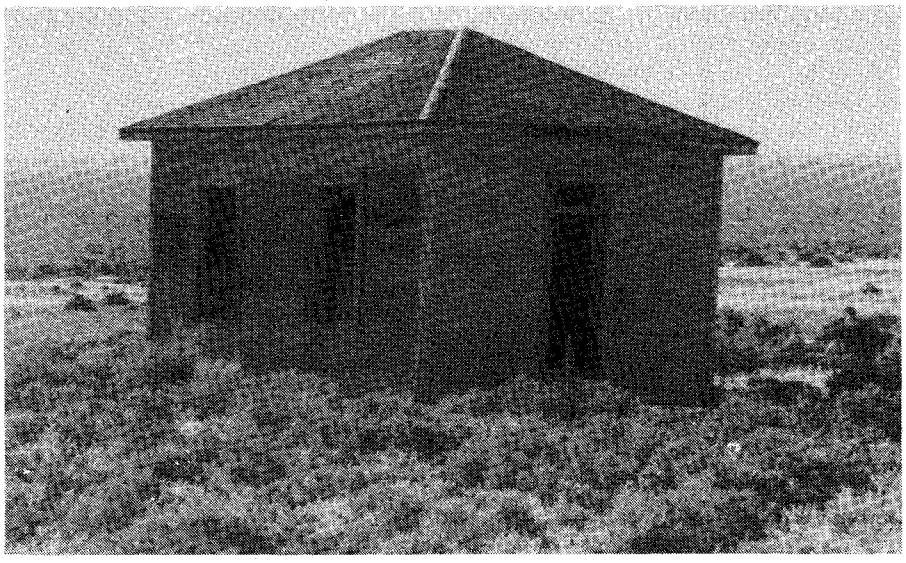

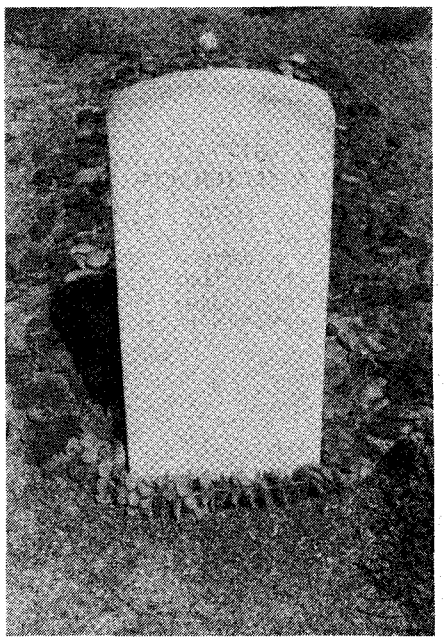

Above, an original Iosepa, Utah home, now located three miles from the townsite. At right, a headstone of an original resident buried in 1968. All photos provided by author.

A HAWAIIAN Ghost Town in Utah

By WAYNE S. CHRISTIANSEN

SITUATED in the arid desert of Skull Valley between the low Cedar Mountains and the 11,000-foot Stansbury Mountains is the setting for one of the strangest ghost towns in Utah.

The town was named Iosepa (pronounced yo-sep-up or yo-say-pa), Hawaiian for Joseph after Joseph F. Smith, founder of the Mormon church.

A patch of desert became a beautiful wide-streeted town that won a state beautification award, then became a leper colony, and finally became a ghost town with nothing but a cemetery and a dried up fire line to remind of the town's happier days.

In 1850, Mormon missionaries landed in the Sandwich Islands (Hawaiian Islands) to convert the natives. In 1875, some of the converts thought they could serve their church better if they went to Utah to serve in the Temple. Consent from the government was finally given in December of that year and five Hawaiians set sail for America.

Over the next few years many more Hawaiians came to Utah and found they had insufficient funds to sustain them. They formed a Hawaiian community near warm springs in Salt Lake City. Church authorities soon realized that it wouldn't be good for them to settle permanently in the city because the language and cultural barriers would prevent them from getting jobs. They were unskilled laborers and had never been in a cold climate.

The church leaders appointed a committee of three men, Harvey Cluff, W.W. Cluff, and F.A. Mitchell, to search the surrounding area for a suitable townsite. This committee took two Hawaiians with them, Niau and Napiha, and they spent the next year looking in Weber, Davis, Cache, Salt Lake, Wasatch, Summit, and Utah counties before they selected a 1,280-acre site in Tooele County.

The land, the old John T. Rich ranch, was purchased for $40,000 on Aug. 16, 1889. Harvey Cluff and about 50 Hawaiians arrived in Tooele, a small town about 45 miles from the Iosepa site on August 27. The townfolk held a dinner and dance for their new neighbors.

The next day, August 28, the group moved into Skull Valley. From then on they celebrated their Pioneer Day on August 28 with feasts of roasted pig and poi. They held games and dances and invited the local Indians to join them. Every year many state and church leaders also showed up for the festival.

The land was plentiful, but water was limited on the desert. In the hills east of town cement aqueducts were built to catch every bit of water and, with the spring water, it was channeled to town in underground pipes.

When the Hawaiians came to Skull Valley they were disappointed. The land was covered with sagebrush and cedar trees. They moved into the existing shacks on the old ranch the first winter. They suffered from the cold and

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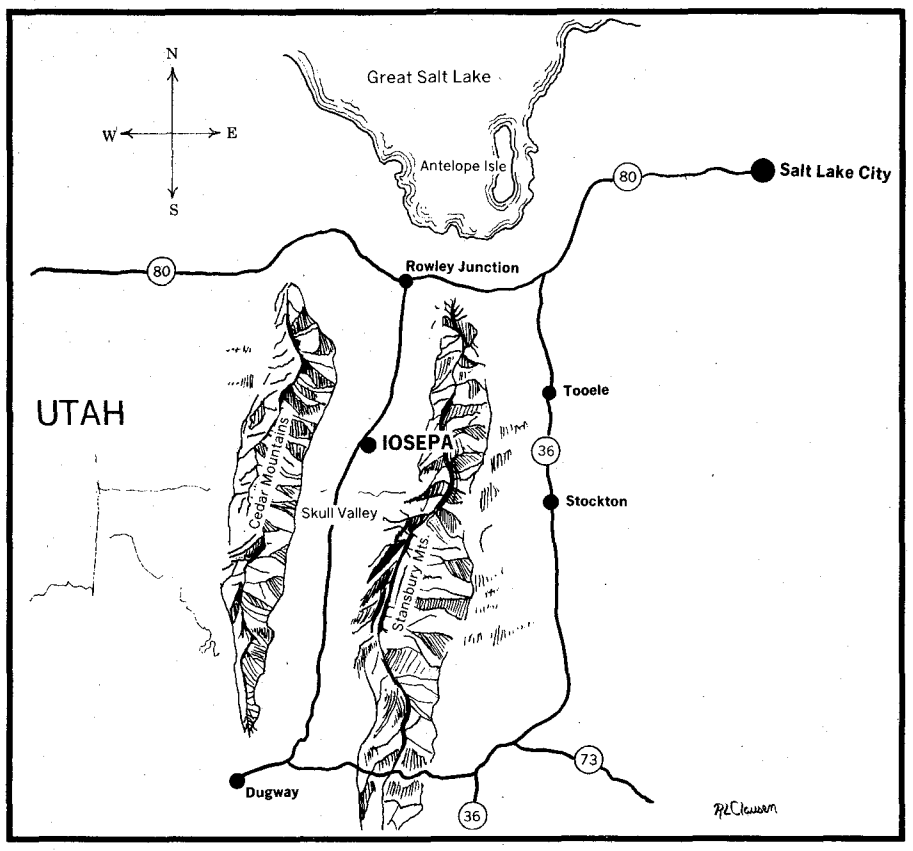
A tombstone in an old cemetery on National Historic Register.

snow. Most had never seen snow before.

Early next spring they had their work cut out for them. The Islanders were a strong-willed and hard-working people. F.A. Mitchell, a civil engineer, surveyed a square mile townsite. They redirected Kanaka creek and dug ditches to irrigate the desert. Within the first few weeks they had more than 50 acres under cultivation.

Small Kanaka Lake, one-and-a-half miles north of town, was the most popular spot in the summer. It was the only thing that reminded the islanders of home.



The general store and post office, now used as a bunkhouse.

They built homes, a school and a church. The town was incorporated as a business under the laws of the territory. It was officially known as "Iosepa Agricultural and Stock Company" and was owned by the Mormon Church.

A general merchandise store was built and people were given credit in the form of a paper script. The script was in denominations of five cents to five dollars. The settlers received the script as payment for working in the town's businesses.

Most other towns used metal tokens with the name of the town and the amount each token was worth pressed onto them. People have been looking for tokens in Iosepa for years.

The town was divided with each adult male and widow drawing lots. The town grew over the next few years with the arrival of more people from the islands. They eventually built sidewalks and put in fire hydrants, flowers, trees and shrubs.

One year the little town even won the state "clean town" contest. That same year they sold more than $20,000 in grain and livestock. It was the best year they had. George Petero, a Hawaiian, was ranch manager but the town was presided over by Harvey Cluff, William King, and Willian Anson Waddoups. At its peak, 226 Hawaiian natives lived in the town.

The town was maintaining itself but the hard work and harsh winters took a toll. The little cemetery was filling up.

If there was one thing that led to the demise of the town more than any other it was an outbreak of Hansen's disease, or leprosy, among the natives in 1896. The afflicted people were quarantined about a mile-and-a-half from town in a small dormitory. Dr. F.M. Davis, the county physician, treated them as often as he could.

A flagpole was erected as a signal. When the sick natives needed something they would run a flag up and someone in the town came to find out what they wanted. When word spread about the disease, Iosepa became a haunted and feared place.

Although all that could be done was done for the sick, they all died, some probably from loneliness as well as leprosy. As far as is known, this was the only known leper colony in Utah.

About 1910, the town began to fail. The young men were leaving for opportunities in the cities and the old wanted

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to go home to Hawaii.

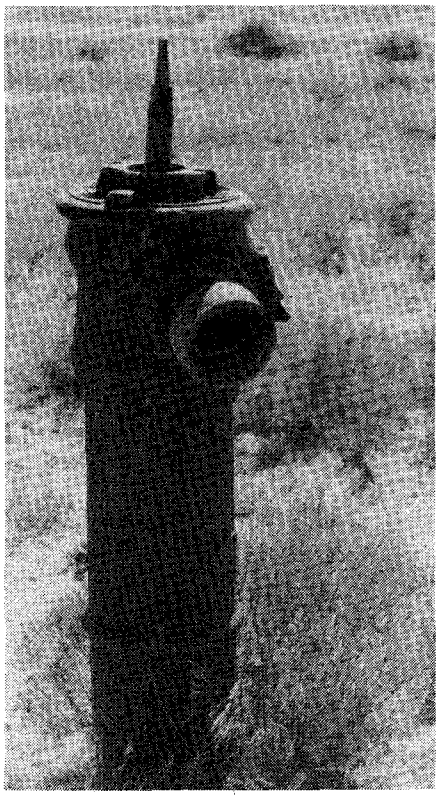
In 1916, the church announced it was going to build a temple on Oahu in the Hawaiian Islands. The news was received in Iosepa with cheers. People started to leave immediately. The church offered to pay cash for holdings of any kind in town and to provide transportation to Hawaii for anyone who couldn't afford it. Most of the older Hawaiians returned to Hawaii and settled on the Laie Plantation near the new temple.

In 1917, the town was abandoned. The Desert Livestock Company bought the old townsite and surrounding ranch for $50,000. The townsite is now owned by Daniel G. Freed.

Today there are only four original houses. The old store is used as a bunk house. The buildings are surrounded by giant cottonwood trees, planted by the Hawaiians their first year on the site.

Only one Hawaiian decided to remain in Iosepa in 1917. Conie Hoopiiaina became a miner and prospector in the nearby mountains. He was the last one to be buried in the old cemetery. He died on Sept. 6, 1968.

This year around Memorial Day the Tooele Chapter of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers cleaned up the site and brought fresh flowers and plastic leis to decorate the graves. The old cemetery is now on the National Register of Historic Places.



A fire hydrant — one of three — left in the old town.

REEL COWBOYS

THE PHANTOM EMPIRE

By BILL O'NEAL

THIS bizarre film was a 12-part serial which presented Gene Autry in his first starring role. Autry enjoyed success as a radio singer, songwriter and recording artist. He then persuaded the head of Mascot, Nat Levine, to groom him for Western films.

Months of acting and riding lessons resulted in only limited progress, but audiences reacted favorably to Autry in two 1934 Ken Maynard movies. When Levine and the volatile Maynard abruptly parted company, the producer took a chance and replaced Ken with Autry in a 1935 serial, "The Phantom Empire."

Courtesy Duncan Poster Service

Gene Autry and Champion. Gene reigned as Hollywood's most popular cowboy star from 1937 through 1942, receiving an average of 80,000 letters per month.

Autry, who always would be referred to as "Gene" in his movies, was the owner and lead singer at Radio Ranch, but his live broadcasts were continually threatened by evil scientists seeking radium deposits and by the "Thunder Guard" from Murania, a futuristic city located 25,000 feet beneath the earth.

Later Autry films would continue to present an incongruous West which combined horses and sixguns with automobiles, airplanes, radios and, in "The Phantom Empire," liberal doses of science fiction.

Throughout the serial, Autry popped in and out of the underground kingdom of Murania, which was ruled by an evil queen supported by robots and caped henchmen brandishing ray guns. The story line was as fantastic as the science fiction effects were crude, but small-town Depression audiences reveled in such wild escapist fare.

Autry frequently launched into song, but the country music was interspersed with weird, moody strains denoting Murania.

Smiley Burnette was on hand as the comic sidekick. He had been with Autry in radio and he would become a fixture as "Frog Milhouse," clad in checked shirt and floppy hat and riding a white horse with a black circle around one eye.

In "Phantom," Gene also was accompanied by two energetic juveniles, Frankie Darro and Betsy King Ross ("World Champion Trick Rider"). Also in the cast were two supporting players who once starred in their own "B" westerns, Wally Wales and Jay Wilsey ("Buffalo Bill, Jr.").

In the serial Autry rode Champion, the name of his mount for the rest of his acting career. Over the years there were to be several Champions with little effort expended to find matching replacements.

"The Phantom Empire" was so popular that two feature films were edited from the serial, "Men With Steel Faces" and "Radio Ranch." Gene Autry was vaulted into stardom, incorporating various elements of the strange serial into an innovative and entertaining version of the West which commanded wide appeal from movie audiences for the next two decades.

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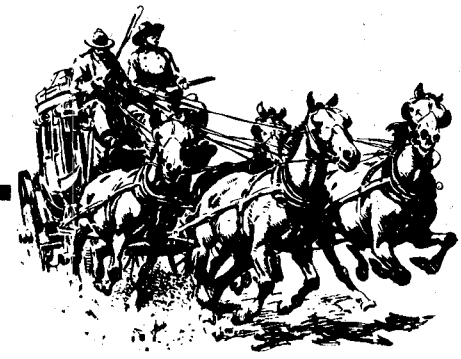
Wild Old Days



BODY MUTILATED BY INDIANS

By DON MILLER

He was a black man who died of a red man's rifle bullet while serving with white men at the battle of the Little Big Horn.

It's not known where or when he was born. Little is known of the early days of former slave Isaiah Dorman, who showed up at Fort Rice, Dakota Territory, in 1865 with a young Santee woman. They settled in a small log cabin and Dorman initially supported himself and his bride with a wood-cutting job at the fort. Soon he was hired as wood cutter by the trading outfit of Durfee and Peck.

By November, 1865, Dorman was engaged by the Army to carry mail between Fort Rice and Fort Wadsworth, a 360-mile round trip.

In autumn, 1871, Dorman was hired to serve as guide and interpreter for an Army column escorting a party of railroad surveyors. A few weeks later Isaiah Dorman was working as post interpreter at Fort Rice and was soon ordered to become interpreter in Custer's Seventh Cavalry headquartered at Fort Abraham Lincoln, D.T.

Isaiah Dorman and most of the scouts in the expedition were with Reno's battalion that had been ordered to cross the Little Big Horn River and attack the Indian encampment from the south. But met with a strong force, Reno and his command dismounted and formed a skirmish line across the valley.

Soon Reno ordered the troops to a more sheltered position in timber on the river's west bank. In short time an Indian bullet found its mark in scout Bloody Knife's brains which flew over Reno's face.

The panicked officer headed for what he considered safety on some bluffs on the east side of the river. This action left Isaiah Dorman and others behind to face a bloody death.

When the smoke of battle had cleared, Sitting Bull, some Sioux warriors, a smattering of Cheyenne noncombatants, and squaws came upon the battleground where they found Dorman still barely alive. Sitting Bull knew the big black man of about 55 years. Dorman was sprawled on the ground dying from a bullet that had entered near his right shoulder and come out in his chest. There were probably more wounds in his lower leg and foot.

Sitting Bull and his friend Dorman talked briefly in Sioux. The medicine man ordered a squaw to bring water to the interpreter. The black man drank a sip and died.

Although squaws stripped the bloody clothing from Dorman's body and took his watch and hat, he was apparently not scalped or further mutilated at that time.

Before he died, Isaiah Dorman had been part of the red man's lore. It was said in the lodges that a large black man roamed the land and was welcome in Sioux villages. He was known as "Azimpi," or "Teat," meaning nipple or teat.

Those who saw Teat Dorman die or viewed the remains afterward gave different versions of his demise. Wooden Leg, the Cheyenne warrior, claimed he viewed the body of Dorman the day following his death. The Indian claimed the body had been stripped of its clothing, but was not molested.

Scout Herendeen thought Dorman was captured alive and tortured, "for he had small pistol balls in his legs from the knees down, and I believe they were shot into him while alive."

Chief Runs-the-Enemy claimed an Indian fired at Dorman and riddled his horse with bullets, and that the horse fell on him. He claimed, "the black man couldn't get up. I saw him as I rode by. I afterwards saw him lying there dead."

G.D. Wagner claimed, "When he (Dorman) was found, his body was mutilated and pinned to the ground with arrows."

Thomas Marquis claimed of Dorman, "All of his clothing was gone when I saw him, but he had not been scalped or cut up like the white men had been."

Young Hawk claimed, "The Dakotas had left a kettle full of his own blood close by his head and the body was much mutilated."

Still another source claimed that once Sitting Bull had left Isaiah "Teat" Dorman's side, "some spiteful woman found the Negro's body and mutilated it with her butcher knife."

When troopers under Gibbon and Terry came on the site of the battle on June 17, Dorman's body had been mutilated by person or persons unknown, and a cavalry picket pin was found driven through his lower abdomen.

The grave of the only member of his race to fall at the Little Big Horn is not known, nor is there a marker to his memory.

War Department records indicated only that "Isaiah" died, "Killed by Indians." Major Marcus A. Reno had failed to even put "Teat" Dorman's last name in his report of the controversial battle.

Livestock-Eating Alligator Captured

By F.B. CURRY

Quite a number of alligators have invaded Lee County, Texas, according to old-timers. But none recently.

Various sizes of the creatures were killed in various ways. One, they say,

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was taken in the Cummings Creek hole, a mile from Giddings.

Hugh Milburn, a rancher near Giddings, told of a big 'gator hunt that came off in 1907. For one alligator, that is.

Robert Els, who lived on the old Fields place bordering the middle Yegua Creek, raising mostly stock, was losing an occasional calf or hog. The pigs and calves would be good-sized. Since there were no fences, other folks' animals sometimes disappeared around old Wimberly Lake, several hundred yards up the creek from highway 77.

Els finally spotted the reptile knocking a shoat off into the water and devouring him in the King Fishing Hole, a large deep slough nearby. But after that, he never got a chance to pot shoot him.

Hugh Milburn and his brother Ewald, along with several other young men, including Harry Cherry, Willie Wilson, and Ed Johnson, eight in all, trekked to the spot and set up camp, determined to get the denizen of the deep. They had their tent and a man to cook for them. They even had a photographer along.

They planned to fish and hunt while watching for the scaly predator. They caught plenty of fish and killed many grey or "cat" squirrels, now extinct in Lee County.

The first day after making camp, the nine young fellows stationed themselves around King Fishing Hole at intervals. Ewald Milburn saw the alligator emerge once, bringing his eyes out of the water first. But he quickly disappeared.

The next day, Ewald sat at the same place, hoping the alligator had not migrated from the area. He saw a few bubbles rising and told himself that could be Mister Gator. Sure enough, the eyes came to the surface, and then the snoot. With his little saddle Winchester, he took him between the eyes.

As the gargantuan beast splashed around, knocking water for several yards, Ewald called the others. Harry Cherry brough his homemade harpoon, a large gig tied onto a stick with a rope attached to the stick. Wading into the water, he sank the harpoon into the neck.

This made the ugly demon really fight and knock water from King Fishing Hole. The entire gang took hold of the rope and began to heave. It was all they could do to get the struggling thing out on the bank. When they did, he was practically dead.

They laid him out on a sideboard of the wagon. He extended the entire length of the 14 foot board. They all ganged around him and posed while Louis Williams snapped the picture. Hugh Milburn still has that picture.

Then they set to work skinning their prize catch. They hoped to sell the hide for a neat little sum. After three hours of struggling work on the tough skinned, stinking specimen, they managed to get him peeled.

They stayed on three more days, hoping perhaps there would be a mate to the 'gator. They also wanted to hunt and fish some more. They killed a six-foot rattlesnake, among other wild things now scarce there. But no other alligator showed up.

They came home with a "big hunt" to talk about for many days.

Epilogue: The hide rotted before it could be sold.

Santa Fe: The West's Most Romantic Art Center

(Continued from page 25)

work-daytime-painters-and-subsidy-jobs, at night would come a sudden raid on their Camino houses. They once rushed their batch of hootch out the back door of the first house, having sighted the agent, and as the officer approached each house on the hill, the booze headed uphill to the next house. Finally, the kettle made its way back downhill to the original site.

Though they always remained friends, the group disbanded by the mid-twenties, each to go his own way in pursuit of creativity. Fremont Ellis is the last of the Cinco Pintores. He still lives in his beloved Santa Fe.

The colony thrived during the 1920s while abroad the great expatriot movement grew among American artists. By the mid-twenties, Santa Fe, population 7,000, was at its peak as a leading art center in the country.

Gustave Baumann, one of the greats, joined in the art activity, both serious and otherwise. He was a co-founder, with Will Shuster, of Zozobra, the Old Man Gloom of the Santa Fe Fiesta. In 1712, this ancient city proclaimed a special Fiesta to be celebrated annually on September 14. The spirit of Fiesta differs little today from the Spanish colonial times of vespers, mass and solemnity.

But, Fiesta is also a time to forget the rigors of life, a time to dress in colorful costume, to drink the grape — a lot of it! It is the time to burn Old Man Gloom — Zozobra. And it happens every year, right on time, fireworks, dancers and the burning of Zozobra, Will Shuster's creation effigy of Old Man Gloom.

Depression '30s didn't faze Santa Fe too much, didn't significantly alter a simple but difficult lifestyle. The Cinco Pintores rented out their houses on the Camino, two of them left, three homesteaded on government land. John Sloan joined the homesteaders, naming his place "Rancho Sin Agua," (ranch without water). Then he returned East after his routine summer visits which went on for 30 years.

Canyon Road became a haven for arriving Depression artists and a friendly cheap-rent district. As a prehistoric Indian trail to Pecos, Canyon Road was the usual trail into town for wood-laden burros, supplying pinon to perfume the winter air from kiva fireplaces in town and on the Road. Many an artist lived on the Road: Randall Davey, Mary Austin, Olive Rush, etc. Today, working artisans abound along this charming road with historical structures. One finds unique little shops offering one-of-a-kind treasures in art, weaving, leather, woodwork carving, jewelry, pottery, furniture, ad infinitum. It has been said that if Santa Fe is the heart of the Southwest, then Canyon Road is the *soul* of Santa Fe.

One painter out of the Depression has to be mentioned. On the way to town from Cerrillos, now a "ghost town" thriving with good folk, the hungry stopped at the West ranch. Harold "Hal" West was an artist who knew and painted the poor of the Depression. He associated with the Cassidys, the Shusters, the Baumanns and helped with their creation of puppet theater.

Hal worked on the first house built on "starving hills" where the Governor's Mansion now stands. He left his family in desperate search for work and his years of loneliness and wandering were not an unusual story of the misery of the Great Depression. He worked under the Federal Art Projects in the 1940s, ran a gallery-museum at Puye (a prehistoric site near Santa Clara pueblo) and during World War II he was able to buy a ranch.

His painting became more and more important to him and he moved into town and set up a studio on Canyon Road which became a center for the Canyon Road art group. Nick Wolo-

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shuk, former art dealer known as the "old campaigner" in some circles, describes West's work as "bad, but true." There is disagreement.

Meanwhile, the '30s provided an open door policy at the Art Museum in which each artist was assured of representation and space for more than one work if space permitted. The United States Government started the significant and unique programs known as the Public Works of Art Project, the Treasury Relief Art Project and the Works Progress Administration (WPA), which were to have a lasting effect on the art and artists of the country. Public buildings in the state were greatly enhanced with many works of art when important artists such as Olive Rush, Peter Hurd and Theodore Van Soelen were commissioned.

By the end of World War II, the Santa Fe art colony was less dominated by artists trained in other places. GI bills benefited artists and grants and loans became available. Santa Fe no longer was a village, no longer isolated.

The new breed came, building solar adobe houses, handmade tipis, and sometimes ingesting conscious-raising drugs instead of hootch. While the magnitude and abruptness of the changes upended some old-timers, change and experimentation were not new to Santa Fe. The town has always valued its eccentrics.

Laborers with doctorates, learning from non-English speaking craftspeople and incorporating innovative creativity into their personal life styles and art forms have been considered "routine" in this town for many years. The newcomers brought fresh ideas and longings for images and admired cultures with them and often a deeply spiritual attention to the earth and sky, to the land and to the people living with it. And still they come. Many remain.

The color of New Mexico is deep and strong. Paul Burlin called it "...a terrifying land where man's stature was always diminutive." The artists still bring new life to art, pushing parameters, interpreting, reflecting the unique elements of the land, the brilliant blue skies, the expansiveness and the intensity of life. All of them talented, some more accessible than others, they spoke candidly of many things.

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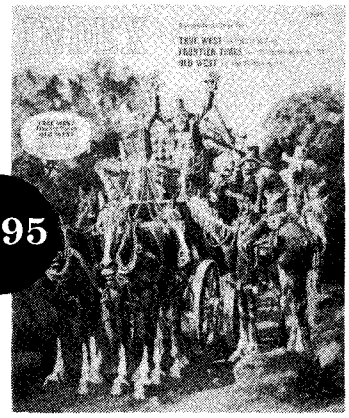

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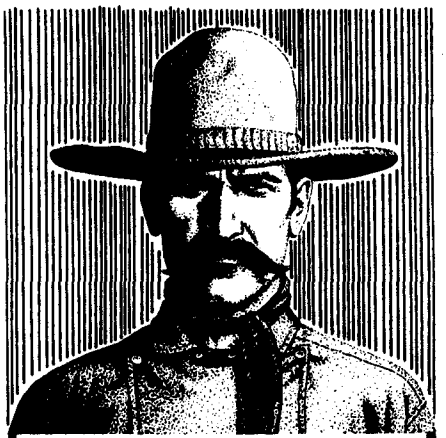

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We take a look at the development of the cowboy, both the romantic view and the real view.The cowboy is living proof that the more things change, the more they stay the same.

It is hard to believe that some real outlaws went straight and became reel outlaws — outlaws in the movies. And in at least one case, that of Henry Starr, the outlaw-turned-actor had the audacity to become an outlaw again!

Many towns in the Old West claimed to be the wickedest. But Richard Patterson found some towns of track-laying days in Wyoming which were as wild as any place. Look for Patterson's "Wickedest Towns in Wyoming."

We'll also take a look at Edgar S. Paxson, extraordinary Montana artist, a contemporary of Russell, who continues to gain in popularity.

Also stories on:

- **Cowboy Dancing**
- **Rodeo Lace - A History of Cowgirls**
- **Cowboy Shootin' Irons**
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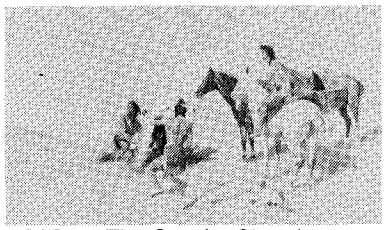
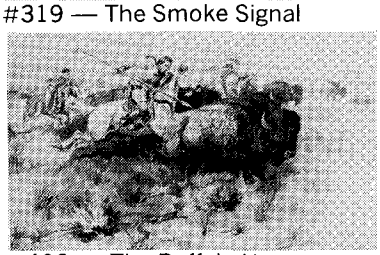


#319 — The Smoke Signal



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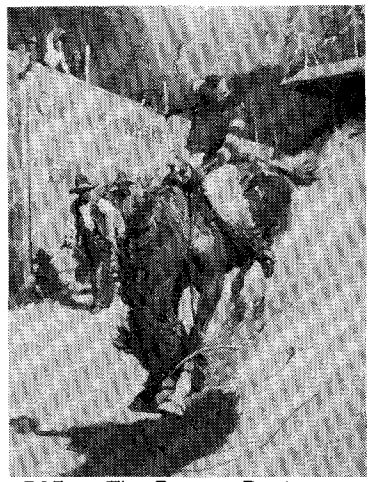

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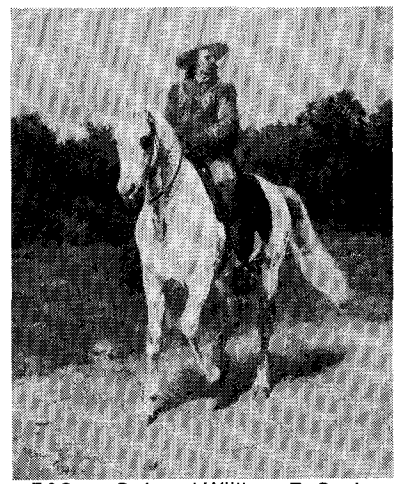

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299— Prairie Express (Stage Coach), 25½ x 18 ..... **$7**
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265— Deadline of Range (Toll Collector) (Indians), 30 x 20 ..... **$15**
266— Pipe of Peace (Indians), 30 x 20 ..... **$15**
267— Laugh Kills Lonesome (Cowboys at Campfire Night Scene), 30 x 18 ..... **$15**
268— Wild Horse Hunters (Cowboys), 26 x 17 ..... **$15**
269— The Broken Rope (Cowboys at Roundup), 26 x 17 ..... **$15**
270— Bruin Not Bunny (Cowboy — Horse Shying at Bear), 27 x 18 ..... **$15**
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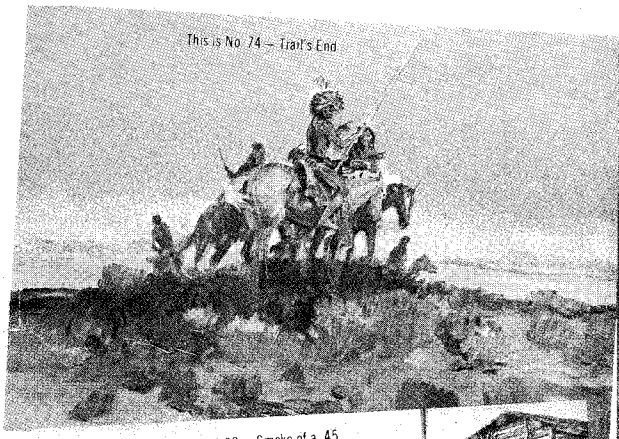

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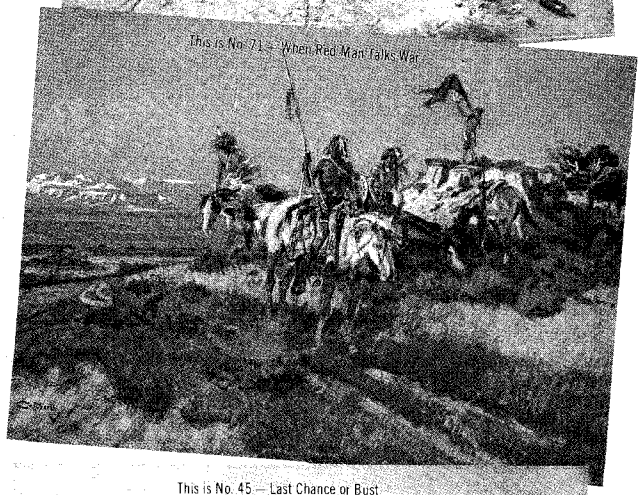

This is No. 71 — When Red Man Talks War

This is No. 45 — Last Chance or Bust

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1— Ambushed, 11 x 14
2— A Tight Daily & Loose Latigo, 13½ x 9½
3— A Loose Cinch, 11 x 8
4— A Wounded Grizzly, 8½ x 11
5— Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11 x 7½
6— Boss of the Trail Herd, 8 x 10½
7— Bronc to Breakfast, 13½ x 9½
8— Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½ x 8
9— Bucking Bronco, 8 x 11½
10— Better Than Bacon, 11 x 8½ (watercolor)
11— On the Move, 13½ x 9½
12— Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½ x 8½ (color)
13— On the Trail, 11 x 7½
14— The Pony Raid, 10½ x 8
15— At Close Quarters, 11 x 8½
16— Capturing the Grizzly, 15 x 8½
17— Cinch Ring, 15 x 8½
18— Caught with the Goods, 14 x 9½
19— Cowboy Life, 11 x 14
20— Call of the Law, 13½ x 9½
21— Carson's Men (Kit Carson) 14 x 9½
22— Return of the Warriors, 13½ x 9½
23— The Water Girl, 9 x 10½ (watercolor)
24— Renegades Return, 13½ x 9½
25— Chief Joseph (Indian Head), 8 x 11 (watercolor)
26— Deadline on the Range, 14 x 9½
27— Disputed Trail, 9½ x 13½
28— Dangerous Cripples, 14 x 9½
29— In the Wake of the Buffalo Runners, 10 x 8
30— Early American, 13½ x 9½
31— Elk in Lake McDonald, 11 x 8½ (watercolor)
32— First Furrow, 8 x 12 (watercolor)
33— First Wagon Tracks, 15 x 8½
34— Finding the Trail, 13½ x 9½
35— Heads or Tails, 15 x 8½
36— Heading the Right Way, 13½ x 9½
37— The Cattle Drive, 13½ x 9½
38— Women of the Plains, 8 x 6
39— Invocation to the Sun, 13½ x 9½
40— Indian Love Call, 13½ x 9½
41— Jerked Down, 15 x 8½
42— The Jerkline, 14 x 9½
43— Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½ x 7
45— Last Chance or Bust, 12½ x 9
46— Mad Cow, 12 x 8 (watercolor)
47— Wagons Westward, 10½ x 8 (watercolor)
48— The Challenge, 10½ x 6½
49— When Arrows Spell Death, 9 x 7
50— Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10 x 7 (watercolor)
51— At the End of the Rope, 10½ x 7
52— Prospectors, 10½ x 8
53— Planning the Attack, 14 x 10
54— Pipe of Peace, 14 x 7
55— Who Killed the Bear? 10½ x 7
56— Queens's War Hounds, 14 x 9½
57— Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11 x 8½
58— Roping a Grizzly, 11 x 8½
59— Red Man's Wireless, 14 x 7
60— Roping a Wolf, 11 x 8
61— Smoking Them Out, 11 x 10½
62— Scattering The Riders, 11½ x 8
63— Strenuous Life, 14 x 9½
64— Sun Worshipers, 16 x 10½
65— Serious Predicament, 15 x 8½
66— Single Handed, 14 x 9½
67— Slick Ear, 11½ x 9
68— Smoke of a .45, 12 x 9
69— Sage Brush Sport, 13½ x 8½
70— Signal Fire, 11 x 14
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75— The Holdup, 13 x 8
76— The Bolter, 9½ x 13½
77— The Attack, 12 x 8
78— The Drifter, 13½ x 9½
79— The Tenderfoot, 11 x 8
80— Two of a Kind Win, 13½ x 9½
81— Last of 5,000, 8 x 9½ (watercolor)
83— When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½ x 9½
84— Mandan Buffalo Hunt, 13½ x 9½
86— Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½ x 8 (watercolor)
87— Whose Meat? 13½ x 9½
88— Wagon Boss, 16 x 10½
89— When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½ x 9½
90— A Crow Chief, 7 x 9 (watercolor)
91— Innocent Allies, 13½ x 9½
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93— When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15 x 8½
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95— When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15 x 8½
96— Wound Up, 11 x 8½ (watercolor)
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106— The Fire Boat, 10½ x 8
107— Our Warriors Return, 13½ x 9½
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109— In Without Knocking, 14 x 10
110— Critical Moment (Cowboys), 8 x 6
111— Land of Good Hungint, 13½ x 9½
112— Meat's Not Meat Until It's In The Pan, 13½ x 9½
113— Trapper's Last Stand, 14 x 9½
114— When Meat Was Plentiful, 11 x 7½
115— Buffalo on the Move, 13½ x 9
116— Red Skin Raiders, 13½ x 9
117— Trail of the Iron Horse (Indians, RR tracks)-13½ x 9½
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119— Riding Line, 13½ x 9½
120— Indian Trading Post, 9½ x 13½
121— Stalking the Herd, 9½ x 13½
122— Death of a Gambler, 9½ x 13½
123— Piegan Indian, 9 x 12
124— Russell Letter to a Friend (black and white), 8½ x 11

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